

The Sketch

No. 1065.—Vol. LXXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1913.

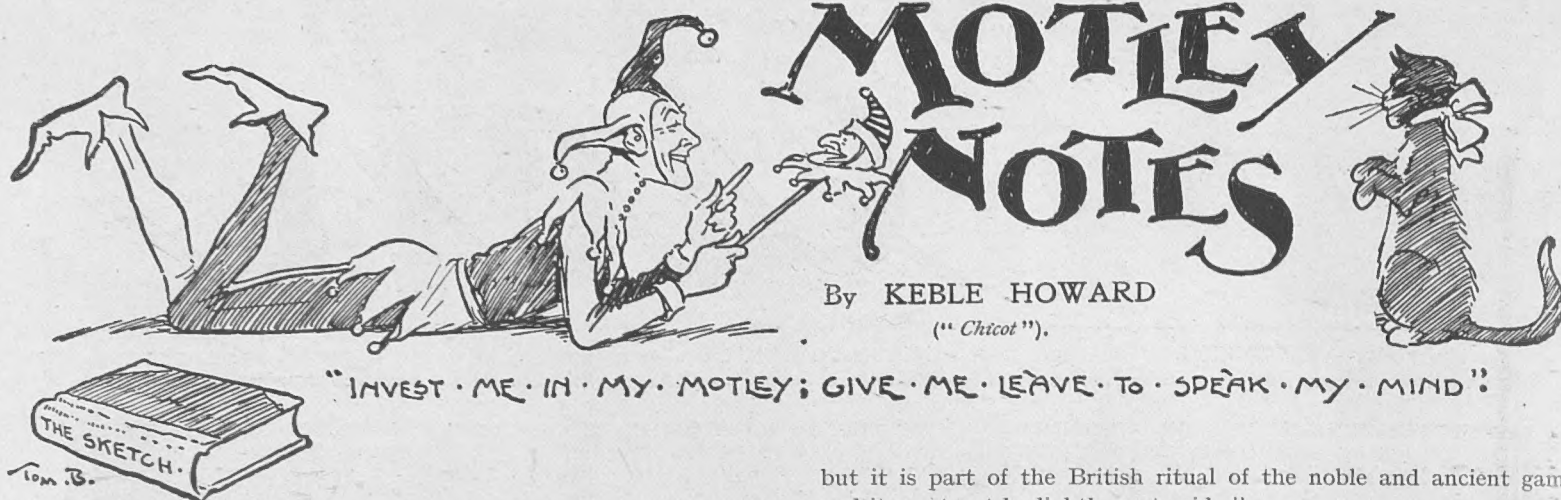
SIXPENCE.



SALOME OF THE STENCILLED LEGS: MME. KARSAVINA AS A MOST AUBREY-BEARDSLEY-LIKE SALOME IN THE RUSSIAN BALLET OF THAT NAME, WHICH IS TO BE GIVEN AT DRURY LANE DURING THE SEASON.

It is arranged that "La Tragédie de Salomé"—one of the several ballets being given during the Russian season at Drury Lane, which was fixed to begin yesterday, June 24—shall have its first production at that theatre on June 30. The music is by Florent Schmitt. With regard to the fact that Mme. Karsavina's legs bear stencilled designs when she is playing this character, it may be recalled that, according to the "Mask" M. Bakst is responsible for this idea, and began the method in New York, where a number of the members of the ballet then under his control had their legs painted for certain of their appearances on the stage.

Photograph by Gerschel.



The "Heat Wave."

We have had a few days of fine weather, friend the reader, with the usual results. The papers have been full of exclamatory headlines, somebody has written an article on the tyranny of English dress—more particularly, masculine dress—an unfortunate American has ventured to take off his coat before playing a round of golf; there has been a more or less popular demand for holidays in June and July instead of in August; and London has been packed to the doors with all the smartest people.

In addition to these comedy happenings, there have also, I am sorry to say, been tragic happenings. A number of people have died from the effects of the heat, a number of people have been drowned whilst bathing, and some men have been killed by lightning.

The English summer must have a very real hold upon our affections. We grumble at the heat, we tell each other that we can hardly move; the largest quantity of ice will not keep the butter from melting, we certainly do not sleep so well on hot nights as on cool ones, and yet we would not give up our summer under any consideration whatever. The truth is, I suppose, that we are really sun-worshippers. The sun may be a Tyrant, but he is a lovable Tyrant. We live by reason of our infatuation for this Tyrant, and we should die if he withdrew his face from us all the year round. Tyrants have their uses.

Golf in Shirt-Sleeves.

I am really troubled in mind about our American friend who ventured to remove his coat before playing a round of golf. In the first place, I am troubled because he is an American. Every Englishman who has been to America returns full of gratitude for the overwhelming hospitality shown to him by the American people. The American, when he is entertaining an Englishman, puts aside all thoughts of business, all thoughts of the hospitality being returned, even all thoughts of the worthiness of his guest to be entertained. It is sufficient for him that the Englishman has crossed the Atlantic to visit America, and that, in doing so, he has placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the American people.

I often wish that one could return the kindness thus shown, but, even supposing that the friends one has made in America do come to England, their movements are so rapid and their engagements are so many that it is very difficult indeed to get hold of them. Still, the kindly feeling towards the nation as a whole remains, and I am therefore very sorry that the American who, as a matter of course, took off his coat on a particularly hot day before playing a round of golf should have been allowed to know that it is not customary to play without a coat on an English golf-course.

After all, was the offence so very grievous? Let us look a little more closely into the matter.

Why Not?

I observe that a leader-writer in a very influential newspaper gently rebukes our friend the American. "In no direction," says the leader-writer, "are men and women so conservative as that of dress, and, when we come to think of it, the clothes which we all wear daily represent a mass of survivals, many of them going back to a remote past. The wearing of the coat at golf may or may not be such a survival,

but it is part of the British ritual of the noble and ancient game, and it must not be lightly cast aside."

Now, with all due deference to this opinion, I would like to ask whether the game is of greater importance or the costume which is associated with the game? Our American friend, I take it, removed his coat in order that he might not be hampered in his attempts to play the game as well as possible. In doing this, therefore, he was paying a tribute to Scotland, to the Scottish people, to England, and to the English people. I cannot help thinking that, just as our forefathers discarded the top-hat when playing cricket, because they felt they could play better without it, so we should be paying a tribute to the game of golf if we left our coats in the dressing-room on a really hot day. After all, now that golf has come to be a summer as well as a winter game, it is surely very silly to cling to a purely winter costume in the summer.

I hope that these lines will meet the eye of our American friend, and that they may bring him some small comfort.

Fear of Lightning.

Fear of lightning is generally considered to be a foolish and inexcusable weakness, entirely confined to women. I would therefore pin your attention to the following paragraph: "The men were hay-making with a horse-machine when the storm approached, and took shelter in a shed in the field, leaving the horses tethered outside. An hour later, some passers-by looked in the shed and found the three men dead, each grasping his steel hay-fork. The shed showed no signs of having been struck by lightning, but death was due to that cause in the case of each of the men. The horses were uninjured."

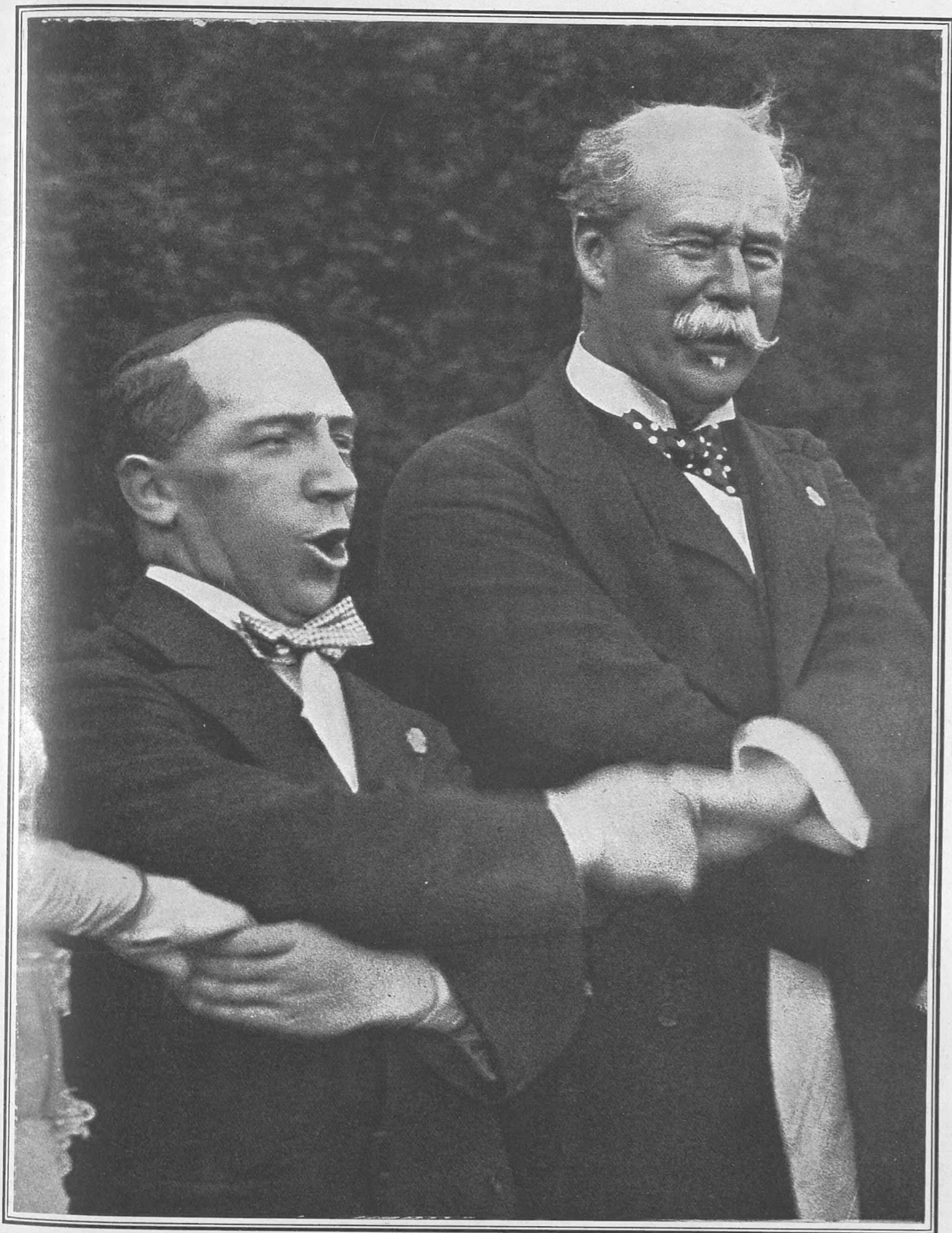
Certainly, these three men were not afraid of lightning; if they had been, they would, in all probability, be alive to-day. We may take it for granted that they had known from youth up that lightning is attracted by steel, but they had become so accustomed to being out and about during thunderstorms, and had so often escaped the perils of lightning, that they were willing to risk a million-to-one chance. It was not even worth their while to lay aside their forks. So the thing that they thought could never happen to *them*, did happen.

To be panic-stricken during a thunderstorm is no doubt very foolish, but any sensible person is afraid of lightning to the extent of taking reasonable precautions. To stand in a shed with a steel hay-fork in your hand, or to stand under a tree, or to rush up to your bedroom and bury your head under the clothes, are all evidences that you either are lacking in imagination or that you do not understand how best to avoid the very real perils of lightning.

Shut the Windows.

People will tell you that, if you fling open all the windows of your house during a thunderstorm, the lightning will pass in at one window and out of the other. So it may, but it is quite likely to catch you as it passes through the house. When a thunderstorm is coming on, you should first of all close all the windows, because glass, especially wet glass, is immune from the effects of lightning. You should not run upstairs and put your head under the bed-clothes—partly because bed-clothes are a very poor protection against lightning, and partly because, should the lightning strike the roof, you are in more danger upstairs than downstairs. This advice, I know, is transparently simple: it is so transparently simple, in point of fact, that nobody has ever thought it worth while to put it into print before.

TWO L's EQUAL TO ONE SONG: SYNE, PLEASE!



A SMALL SCOTCH AND A LARGE—SIR—T.: MR. HARRY LAUDER AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON
SINGING "AULD LANG SYNE."

The photograph was taken on the occasion of the popular Sir Thomas Lipton's recent party at Osidge, when the Canadian bowlers were entertained.

Photograph by C.N.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. G. R. COLMAN—FOR GETTING HIS BLUE FOR CRICKET AT OXFORD.



MR. A. C. WILKINSON—FOR GETTING HIS BLUE FOR CRICKET AT OXFORD.

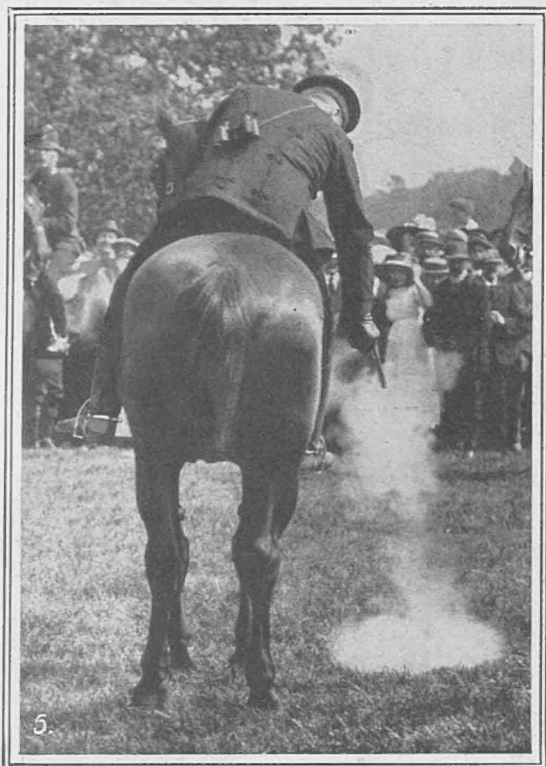


MR. B. G. VON MELLÉ—FOR GETTING HIS BLUE FOR CRICKET AT OXFORD.



MR. P. H. DAVIES—FOR GETTING HIS BLUE FOR CRICKET AT OXFORD.

Four cricket "blues" were bestowed the other day at Oxford. Mr. B. G. von Mellé (Cape Town and Brasenose) is a bowler. Mr. P. H. Davies (Queen's) was captain of Brighton College last year. Mr. A. C. Wilkinson (University) and Mr. G. R. Colman (Christ Church) are both Etonians.—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]



SUPERINTENDENT WELLS—FOR FINDING THE SAFEST BILLET FOR THE BULLETS IN THE ASCOT ASSAILANT'S REVOLVER.



A WHALLEY—FOR STANDING ON HIS HEAD AND NOT BEING MUCH HURT WHEN THROWN AT ASCOT.



MISS A. EMMETT—FOR RIDING SO WELL IN THE HORSE SHOW, THOUGH ONLY NINE YEARS OLD, ON HER MOUNT "GINGER."

When Tracery, with Whalley up, was brought to ground by the outrage at Ascot in the Gold Cup, both horse and jockey seemed for some moments to stand on their heads. Happily, neither was much hurt. When advised to take a rest, Whalley remarked "Yes, I'd better go and get married." After the outrage Superintendent Wells fired into the ground the revolver which the assailant had carried. Its six chambers were all loaded.—There were fourteen competitors for the pony race for girls under ten at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Our photograph shows Miss A. Emmett, who rode "Ginger."—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Sport and General.]



M. PIERRE CARRIER-BELLEUSE—FOR SHOWING AT THE DORÉ GALLERY A PICTURE REJECTED BY THE ACADEMY.



MR. IRVING BERLIN—FOR BEING THE FATHER OF RAGTIME WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO WRITE A NOTE OF MUSIC.



JAMES BRAID—FOR HIS FINE GOLF IN THE QUALIFYING STAGE AT HOYLAKE—IN SPITE OF HIS BLUE SPECTACLES.



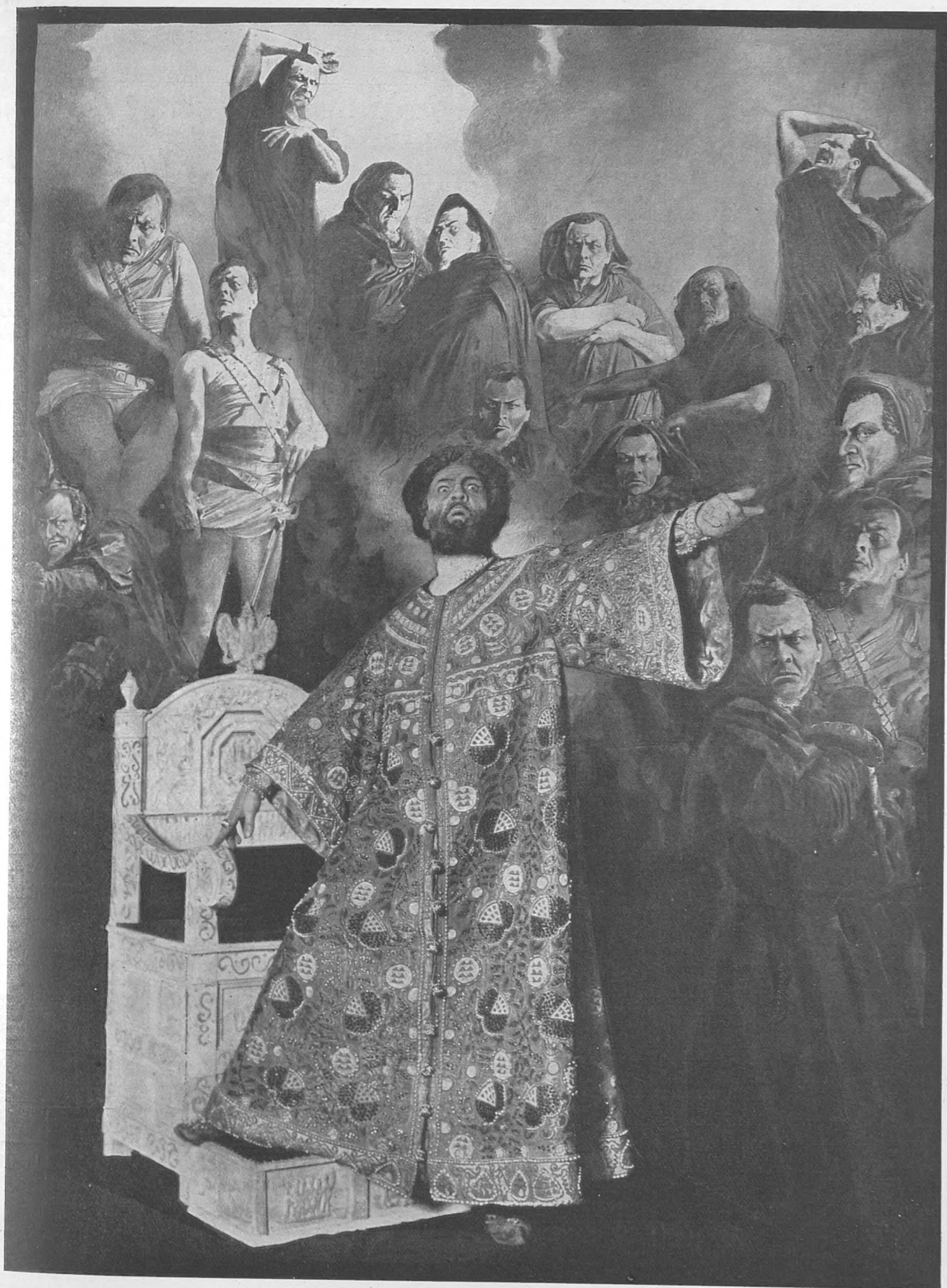
MR. BASIL THOMSON—FOR BEING A SUPER-POLICEMAN AND THE SON OF AN ARCH-BISHOP.



MR. "LULU" HARCOURT—FOR HIS MODESTY IN PREFERRING "ALFREDIA" TO "LULULAND" IN NAMING A COLONY.

M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, the well-known French painter, has on exhibition at the Doré Gallery his portrait of Mme. Belleville West (Gloria Sorrow). It was offered to the Royal Academy this year, but was rejected—a fact which is printed on the artist's cards of admission.—Mr. Irving Berlin, who is to sing at the Hippodrome, can claim to be the inventor of ragtime. Yet he has said that he can't write a note of music. He gets a pianist to play the melodies he invents, and another man to write them. Thus he has produced "Everybody's Doing It," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and numerous other songs. His royalties are said to be £20,000 a year.—James Braid's score of 79 in the qualifying round of the Open Golf Championship was especially fine in view of the fact that he has had something wrong with his eyes and had to wear blue spectacles.—Mr. Basil Home Thomson, the New Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, is the son of a former Archbishop of York. He has been Governor of Dartmoor and of Wormwood Scrubs Prisons.—The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, Colonial Secretary (known to his intimates as "Lulu") said the other day that the East African Protectorate needed a shorter name. He suggested "Alfredia," after Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. "Native modesty," he added, "prevents my suggesting 'Lululand.'"—[Photographs by Apeda, Illustrations Bureau, Elliott and Fry, and Haines.]

IN THE FIRST OF THE RUSSIAN OPERAS AT DRURY LANE.



IN THE OPERA WHICH WAS WRITTEN WITH "SCENES NOT INTENDED FOR THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE": M. CHALIAPINE, THE GREAT RUSSIAN BASS, AS BORIS GODOUNOW—WITH SOME OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING HIS REMARKABLE RANGE OF FACIAL EXPRESSION.

The poet Pushkin wrote a play on the Tsar Boris, and from that Moussorgsky (1835-1881) took the subject and some of the actual text for the opera. He wrote his work in the late eighteen-sixties, and revised it, for production at St. Petersburg, in 1874. It was then in prologue and four acts, "including scenes not intended for theatrical performance." A considerable time after the composer's death the whole work was revised by Rimsky-Korsakov. Boris is treated as a kind of Macbeth. It was with "Boris Godounow" that Sir Joseph Beecham decided to open his season of Russian Opera and Russian Ballet at Drury Lane yesterday, Tuesday, the 24th.

Photograph by Bulla.

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The Unsportsman-like "If."

I very sincerely hope that we are not going to be told that "if" this had happened, or "if" we had been prepared for that, our polo team in America would have brought back the Cup. We Britons pride ourselves on being sportsmen, and being sportsmen, we should not attempt to explain away defeat, but should accept it with good grace, profit by its lessons if possible, extend a very hearty welcome

on their return to the men who played so gamely for Great Britain, and warmly thank the polo-playing Duke who saw to it that our team should take with them the best ponies available in England.

An Aldershot Day.

Aldershot Day at Ranelagh, with the massed bands of the two Aldershot divisions spreading like a scarlet flood over the centre of the Gymkhana Ground, and the pipers of the Scots Guards hunching their shoulders as they play the marching tunes of the North, and the drums and fifes (who date back in military music to the earliest soldier-days of the Army), taking their share in the programme, is the apotheosis of soldier polo, for there is polo all day long on all three polo-grounds. This year the Clerk of the Weather sent an ideal day for this military festival, and it seemed to me as though all the smart people in London had

massed between the Gymkhana Ground and the old polo-ground to see the cavalry teams fight out their battle and to listen to the music, which, although there were nearly 900 bandsmen present, was never too loud. The foreign visitors who come to England all say that our great open-air clubs—Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton—are a side of London life that they cannot reproduce in their own country, and Ranelagh on Aldershot Day is seen at its very best and brightest.

Private H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

There is something very British, something essentially healthy, and sane, and right that the young Prince of Wales should have gone on manoeuvres as a private with the other lads of the Oxford Officers' Training Corps, and he must have enjoyed thoroughly the perplexity of the Berkshire villagers who failed to identify the dusty youngster in khaki, his rifle over his shoulder and his cap on the back of his head, as the Prince of Wales for whom they were looking, and who they expected would bear on his uniform some outward sign of his royal rank. His supper of cold meat and bread-and-cheese and lettuce, eaten in a farmer's rickyard, must, I am sure, have tasted better than the dishes at any royal banquet, and I warrant that the sleep he enjoyed in his billet in a hay-loft was sounder than that slept by any sybarite on a feather bed.

The Kaiser's Jubilee.

The Kaiser, in the midst of the greetings of his people and all the splendours that have attended his Jubilee, must have laughed in his sleeve at the sermons in disguise which were preached to him in the addresses presented by Britons and Americans. In emphasising the fact that the Kaiser had kept peace between the Great Powers of Europe for twenty-five years, there was an unspoken appeal to him not to spoil this record by allowing any war to take place in the future. The Kaiser smiled when he told Mr. Andrew Carnegie that he hoped to keep the peace for another twenty-five years, which must have contented even that stout apostle of universal peace. The Kaiser would not be the picturesque personality that he is if he did not occasionally rattle his sword in its scabbard and indite a letter with his mailed fist; but if German diplomacy is the shadow of a great army (and it should now be added, of a great navy as well), the substance that throws the shadow has never trespassed on anybody else's property or into preserved waters.

Six Men Only.

There is a club, and a very distinguished club, the members of which dine together every year in June, which, I am sorry to read, now numbers only six members. They dined this year at a small round table. They are the survivors of the Siege of Lucknow, and their President this year was Major-General Cooke, who was one of the garrison during the first of the two sieges. The youngest member of the club, who was one of the six who dined, is Mr. J. W. Parry, who was born in the Residency during the siege. The club drink two toasts at their annual dinner: one is "To the Undying Memory of the Lucknow Garrison," and the other, drunk in solemn silence, is "To Absent Comrades."

The Ladder Superstition.

The origin of the ladder superstition is, I take it, that in the old days, when the gallows was a towering structure, the hangman required a ladder to make his preparations, and the poor wretch to be hanged passed under this ladder as the cart in which he rode came to a halt. There is one gentleman who, I have no doubt, will walk under ladders for the future, and he is the unfortunate resident

"PLANING" DOWN A FUNICULAR! A NEW ALPINE "SPORT."

A Geneva correspondent writes to us: "The latest Alpine 'sport' is 'planing' down a mountain funicular railway, and the great speed attained suggests the volplané of an aeroplane. The machine, which is the invention of a Swiss engineer, Mr. F. Clerc, of Neuchâtel, resembles an easy cane chair with four little steel sledges, which grip the rails, and a powerful brake controlled by a guiding wheel (resembling that of an automobile). There is also a 'wind-screen,' a square yard of iron plate, attached to the machine, which acts on the brakes when in a horizontal position and checks the great speed. The first of these Alpine 'planes' has been employed this week on the funicular between Neuchâtel and Mont Chaumont, 3855 feet, and the greatest speed obtained was 140 kilometres an hour. The machine can be regulated to any speed. At present, only railway employees are using it, but many Anglo-American tourists wish to have the thrilling experience and are ordering machines."

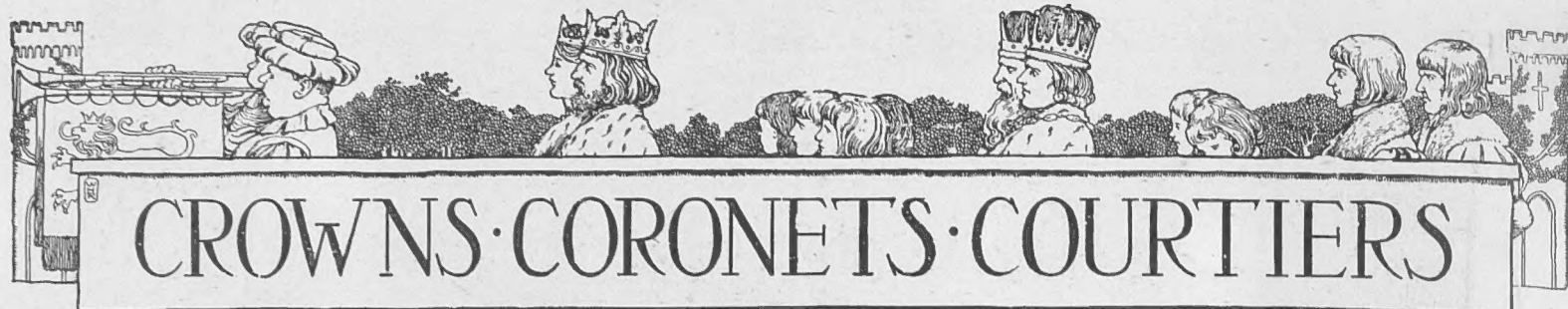
Photograph by Devitte.



"THE BEST LIVING HORSE OF ANY AGE": MR. DERMONT McCALMONT'S THE TETRARCH, WINNER OF THE COVENTRY STAKES.

Mr. Dermont McCalmont's grey horse The Tetrarch, winner of the Coventry Stakes, is evidently a very extraordinary animal. Take but two opinions. "Hotspur," of the "Daily Telegraph," says of him: "He is the most remarkable horse I have seen. . . . He does not seem to stride as an ordinary horse. His hind action is so perfect and rhythmical and the development over the loins and quarters so powerful that they give him a 'bounding' kind of action. How good he really is it is impossible to say, but that he is a horse far removed from the ordinary must now be accepted without question. Not once, but three times now, he has pulverised opposition, and if he should go on all right he may well become the greatest horse this generation has ever seen, one to rank with, or probably surpass, Ormonde and St. Simon." And in the "Evening Standard" it was written: "We saw the best living horse of any age at Ascot yesterday; in fact, possibly the best thoroughbred since Pretty Polly. The Tetrarch is as a colt what Pretty Polly was as a filly. He is a galloping machine, and it was perfectly dazzling to see the way he came up the straight when winning the Coventry Stakes."—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

of Brighton who, stepping into the road to avoid passing under a ladder, put his foot before the wheel of a motor-omnibus, which knocked him down, but, happily, did not gravely hurt him.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE laws of precedence, so rigidly observed on the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room, are hardly more elastic on the way from Windsor Castle to Ascot Races. But some sort of shuffling was observed to take place among the guests of the King and Queen for the second procession. The Marquis de Soveral was promoted from the fourth to the third carriage, and Lord Rosebery from the sixth to the fifth. The ranks, however, were not broken by those changes. The second carriage was kept for Ambassadors and the Duchess of Portland on each occasion; the third, fourth, and fifth for a mixed

gathering of peers and their ladies, not below the rank of earl and countess; while the occupants of the sixth, seventh, and eighth bore, for the most part, titles of a lesser grade. In one particular there was a notable freedom from a too careful convention. Lord and Lady Sandhurst were seated together, and so were Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and in other cases husband and wife were fortunate in their carriages and "pairs."

Lady Diana's Tipsier.

Prince and Princess Christian are again in residence at Cumberland

Lodge, which has emerged successfully from a long course of renovation. Their Royal Highnesses contributed to the Ascot crowd by entertaining a number of guests there during the week. Although none of the neighbouring houses failed to swell the concourse, royalty on all hands, and more obviously than usual, was the patron-in-chief of the racing. The Duke of Connaught and

complications behind the Ministerial scene; and there are, as a matter of fact, many leading Liberals who have some little difficulty in reconciling the influences of the House with those of the home. But no Minister's wife has declared for the Militants; and Mrs. Winston challenges the good sense and good faith of friends who jump at conclusions because of her presence at the trial: "What if I went to see them discomfited?" she asks. But the query is not convincing. It is nearer the truth to say that she went because her companions persuaded her.

"Melba Off." Mme. Melba's prerogative is an occasional truancy; and one night she failed to keep her appointment with a packed house at Covent Garden. She is, however, making amends with a special performance, undertaken at the gracious command of the Queen. There is, of course, no gainsaying the right of such a singer to a night off; her greatness protects her from the reproaches alike of the public and the company; but she tells the story of an amusing little rebuff she received some years ago. Her throat one right felt "scratchy"; she abandoned her work, but accepted, with her doctor's consent, an invitation to supper and the ices that are prescribed by many throat specialists. "Pêches à la Melba!" ordered her host. "Pêches à la Melba are off, Sir!" answered the *restaurateur* in triumph. He himself had bought tickets that night, and had jumped at the chance of revenge.



TO MARRY MISS KATHLEEN STEIN TO-DAY (JUNE 25); CAPTAIN THE HON. WILLIAM A. NUGENT.

Captain Nugent, of the 15th Hussars, is the elder of the two brothers of the Earl of Westmeath, and was born in 1876. He was educated at Sandhurst.

Photograph by Mayall.



TO MARRY MISS CATHERINE BOSCAWEN ON JUNE 28: LORD PETRE.

Lord Petre is the sixteenth Baron of a creation dating from 1603, and was born in November 1890. He holds a commission in the Coldstream Guards. He is patron of three livings, but, being a Roman Catholic, cannot present. —[Photograph by Langflier.]



TO MARRY MISS DENISE GREVILLE TO-DAY (JUNE 25); SIR JOSEPH DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, Br.

Sir Joseph, who is the thirteenth Baronet, was born in January, 1890. He is co-heir to the Baronies of Fitz-Payne and Kerdeston. He is in the 4th Hussars.

Photograph by Mayall.



TO MARRY LORD PETRE ON JUNE 28: MISS CATHERINE BOSCAWEN.

Miss Boscawen is the daughter of Lady Margaret Boscawen, daughter of the second Earl of Strafford. She was born in 1891. Her father is the only brother of Viscount Falmouth.

Photograph by Val FEstrange.

Prince Arthur were always conspicuous, and Princess Patricia was the centre of a group of brilliant girls. For her, and for many of her friends, Ascot is the one meeting of the year. Lady Diana Manners, for instance, had, after quite a long absence, to re-learn the lore of the Turf, and take tips from King Manuel, instead of giving them.

Mrs. Winston's Motives.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, missing a day at Ascot, chaperoned her sister and Miss Asquith at the Central Criminal Court instead of at the Races. That the trial of the Suffragettes should have proved a sufficiently strong counter-attraction suggests the possibility of all sorts of



TO MARRY CAPTAIN THE HON. WILLIAM A. NUGENT TO-DAY (JUNE 25); MISS KATHLEEN STEIN.

Miss Kathleen (Kitty) Stein is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stein, of 19, Kensington Court. The wedding is to be celebrated in the Brompton Oratory.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY SIR J. DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, BARONET, TO-DAY (JUNE 25); MISS DENISE GREVILLE.

Miss Greville is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Fulke Greville, of 10, Elm Park Gardens. The wedding is to take place in the Brompton Oratory.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE QUALIFYING STAGE.



GEORGE DUNCAN, THE FIRST FAVOURITE, WHO, WITH 163, UNLUCKILY FAILED TO QUALIFY.



E. RAY, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 155; J. H. TAYLOR, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 156; MR. JOHN BALL, WHO, WITH 162, FAILED TO QUALIFY; AND H. VARDON, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 152.



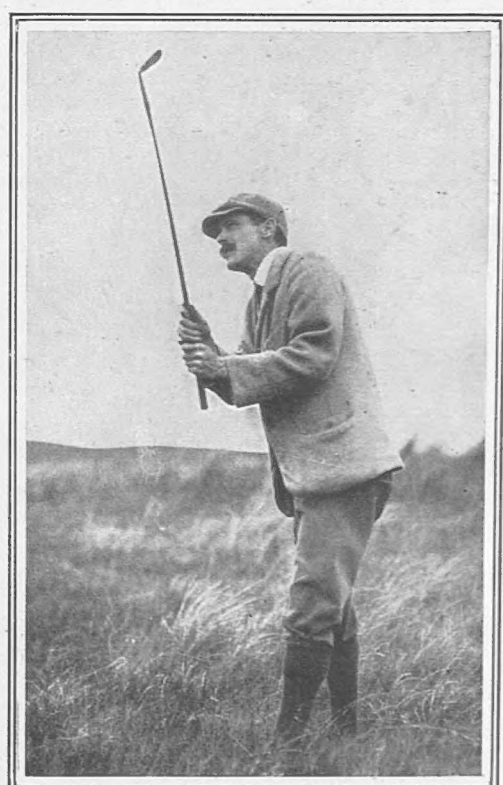
MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL, THE FAMOUS AMATEUR, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 147.



L. B. AYTON, WHO RETURNED THE BEST CARD ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE QUALIFYING COMPETITION - 152.



P. E. TAYLOR, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 149, AND DID A ROUND OF 71, WHICH EQUALS THE AMATEUR RECORD ON THE ALTERED AND LENGTHENED COURSE.



MR. J. GRAHAM JUN., WHO QUALIFIED WITH 151, AND DID AN AMATEUR RECORD ROUND OF 71.



P. J. GAUDIN AND GEORGE DUNCAN, CAPTAINS OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH TEAMS.



MR. ABE MITCHELL, WHO QUALIFIED WITH 156.



HARRY VARDON, OF THE "TRIUMVIRATE," WHO QUALIFIED WITH 152.

The qualifying competition for the Open Golf Championship of 1913 presented, of course, the usual surprises, and none more unfortunate than the failure of that fine golfer, George Duncan, to qualify. Such an event as this does not breed satisfaction with the present qualification arrangements, and it may be assumed that there is more than a likelihood that the future will see some alteration in them. In the professional international match, which, according to custom, preceded the Open Championship meeting, England beat Scotland easily—by 9 to 3 in the singles, and by 4 to 1 in the foursomes. The successful Scots were George Duncan, J. White, and C. R. Smith in the singles; and Duncan and Herd in the foursomes. The actual play for the Open Championship was fixed for Monday and Tuesday last, June 23 and 24.—[Photos. by L.N.A. and Sport and General.]



"OH! I SAY!!" AT THE CRITERION: AND SO DO I.

And So Do All Of Us.

The title of the French play from which the new Criterion farce has been adapted tells almost everything to the experienced playgoer: "Une Nuit de Noces." He promptly guesses that there will be a bride and bridegroom who have to go through many distressing adventures before the—well, you know what I mean; that she will have a sentimental mother, and probably a naughty old father whose peccadillos cause some of the mischief; that the best man will help in the trouble, and the chief bridesmaid too—on the last point he would be wrong. Also, he would bet his bottom dollar that most of the events are caused by a former mistress of the

bridegroom—of course, she is not called his mistress. Those dear old ladies who grant licenses and license to frivolous drama would not allow you to call her his "mistress"; but if you will comply with their little weakness and describe her as the former fiancée, you may make it as plain as a John Wilkes that she was his mistress, and also that, since the betrothal, she has become the "little extra" of his pa-in-law. The thing that strikes me as really original about the piece is the fact that the bridegroom is a fashionable lawyer at Beauvais, the place where the Norman tapestries come from—at least, a misguided neighbour of mine in the stalls said so to his friend. And,

IN BATH AND WALKING COSTUME: MR. ROBERT AVERELL AS HENRI GOURDON.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

after all, Beauvais and Bayeux both begin with a B, so the parallel between them and Monmouth and Macedon is sound. I wonder whether you know Beauvais? Most English folk don't. It is a bit off the beaten track, awkward to get at, but deserves a visit on account of its cathedral—or what is left of it. For Beauvais was determined to beat Amiens in the height of its cathedral and economy of apparent support, and to send its dazzling vaults nearer heaven than those of any building in the land. But it was a case of "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself"; for down came the central tower and as much of the nave as was built, and the inhabitants lacked the pluck or money to start again. So now you can only see the wonderful choir and transept.

Alarms and Excursions.

To return to our bride and bridegroom. The former mistress of the latter is supposed to be an actress—we all know the kind of part she played. She, Sidonie de Matisse, possessed two flats, and one of them, during her absence, was let by her naughty maid to the young bride and bridegroom for the honeymoon. Of course, he did not know that it was Sidonie's flat. Sidonie, who was ignorant of the trick played by the maid, came back to occupy her flat just after the bride and bridegroom had taken supper, and then, as you may guess, the troubles grew thick. Everybody was brought into the flat: bride and bridegroom,

Sidonie, some friends of hers, pa-in-law, ma-in-law, and the best man; and, according to the recognised recipe in such cases, everybody got mistaken for somebody else, and the four doors, that opened off the salon were used vigorously—I don't think I should like to have a drawing-room with a bath-room and bedrooms opening out of it. The bath-room played a great part in the piece. Indeed, the British idea that the French don't take baths must receive a serious shock from the behaviour of the characters. You would hardly suspect that you were in France if you heard a young man humming, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" whilst taking a bath at 9 p.m. There is, however, in the production of "Oh, I Say!" the customary failure to give a foreign atmosphere by attention to details.

Oh, I Say, Mr. Welch!

It is a wild and whirling affair, such as the Criterion used to be famous for when Sir Charles Wyndham was young, and people who went to see "Pink Dominoes" told their family they had been to the German Reeds. The audience seemed heartily amused, and laughed boisterously at all the jokes, even at the simplest. The epicure will demand a little more wit in dialogue. It may be rather-rather in places: indeed, I noticed that many a blush mantled the cheek of our pale young Artist, who sat beside me, and I think that the proprietors of this great and good paper ought to give him some compensation for "moral and intellectual damage." I shall be happy to take care of any fund on his behalf, and act as sole trustee. Indeed, if any reader would like to contribute, I dare-

say the Artist, in gratitude, would draw his portrait, and that would be certain to please his friends, as everybody acquainted with the pictures in "The Stage from the Stalls" must know. To speak seriously for a moment—a bad habit which I cannot get rid of—it does seem a pity to find Mr. James Welch presenting this kind of play—harmless, it may be, and obviously diverting to a great many people, but at the same time of small value from an artistic point of view. We all know what admirable acting he has done in real drama—I shall not forget his pathetic work in "Alan's Wife," his delightful William in "You Never Can Tell," his brilliant comedy as Mr. Hopkinson and in "The Heroic Stubbs." As the bridegroom in "Oh, I Say!" he played with very great skill and considerable "lift." There was quite a subtlety in his performance, for whereas most broad comedians would have played each scene as it came for all it was worth, and let the play down a little at the end, Mr. Welch very cleverly

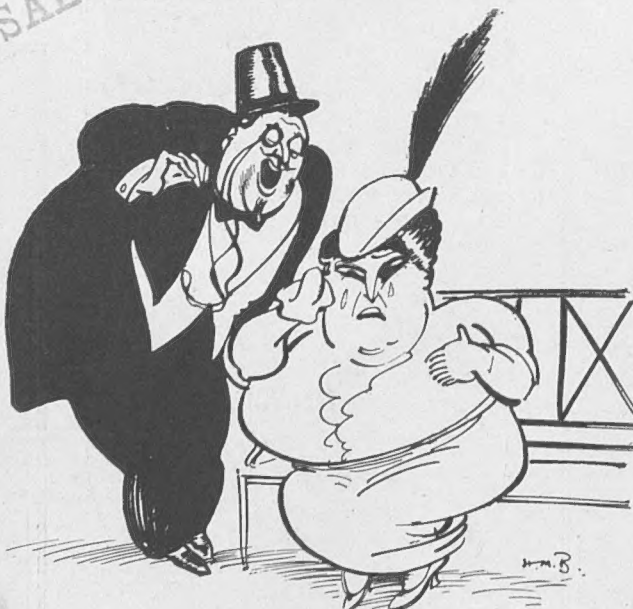
kept what sporting people call "a bit in hand" for the last act, and thereby was able to work up the fun to its highest pitch.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



MONOCLE: "OH! I SAY!!"

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

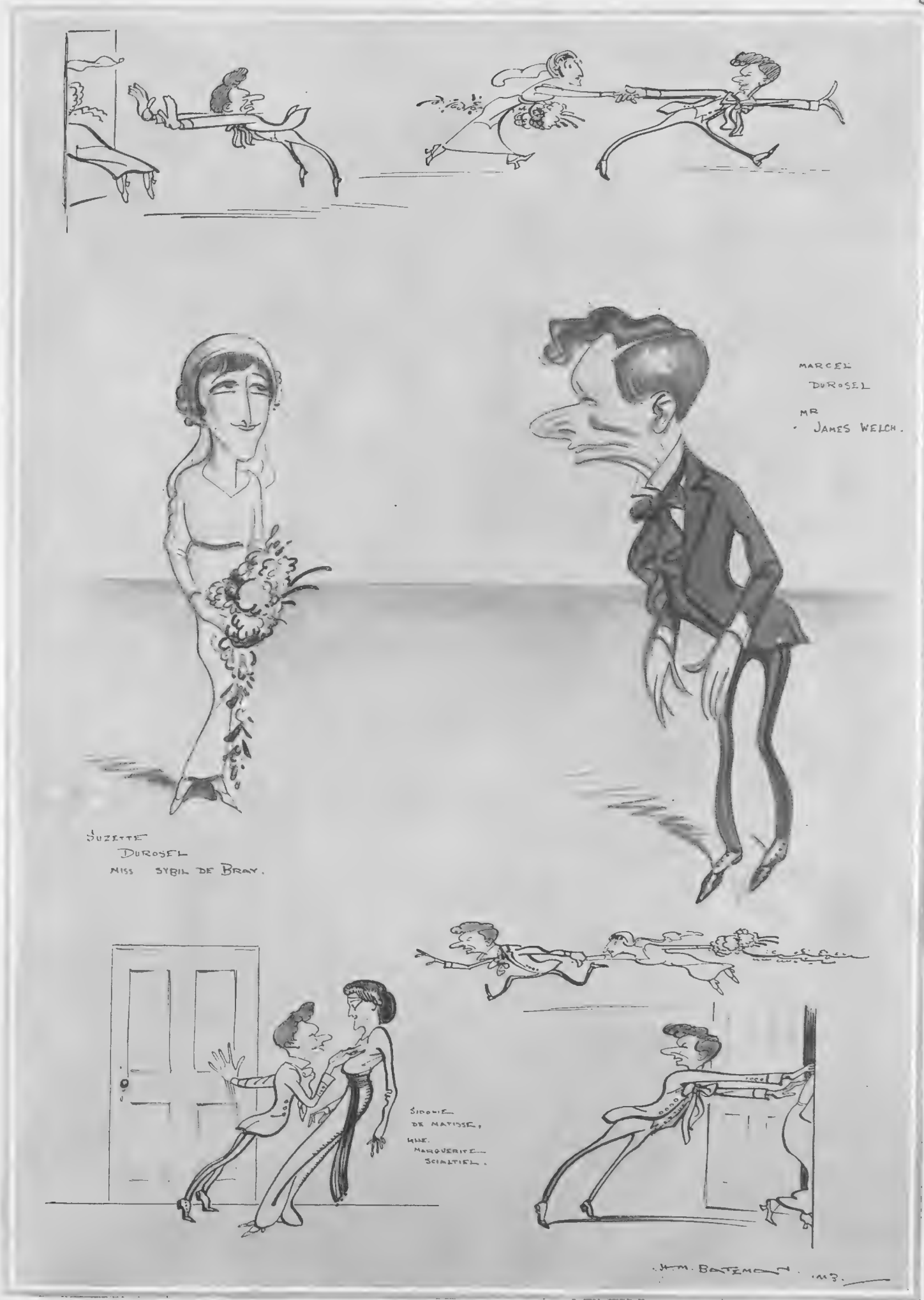


THE PARENTS OF THE BRIDE: MR. BRUCE WINSTON AS M. DUPORTAL AND MISS HANNAH JONES AS MME. DUPORTAL.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "OH! I SAY!!" AT THE CRITERION.

FOR SALE.



WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BRIDES! MR. JAMES WELCH, MISS SYBIL DE BRAY,
AND Mlle. MARGUERITE SCIALTIEL.

"Oh! I Say!!" a farce from "Une Nuit de Noces," is running merrily at the Criterion.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH.

"COLD as crystal, as clever as the devil, whose intellect is tempered steel; a man without a generous illusion; hard, harsh, rude, unsympathetic"—such was Stead's summing-up of the popular view of Mr. Asquith only a few years ago. The picture was further filled in: "One whom all respect, many fear, none loves. This is the Mr. Asquith who, as Home Secretary, was merciless to the dynamitards, and ruthless to the point of slaying in dealing with the strikers at Featherstone."

Out of Reach.

That is no longer the Asquith of either a public or a private estimate. In regard to the public man, there is no definite picture with which to replace the spurious portrait. "Cold as crystal and clever as the devil" is no longer recognisable. The truth is that Mr. Asquith escaped the crude image-makers, not by retiring to the well-timbered privacy of a country estate, but by accepting the Premiership. "P.M.," in his case, stands not at all for Public Man. Nobody in the Cabinet is so difficult to know. His personality grows vaguer, from the outsider's point of view, every day; and half his own party knows rather less of him than Smith minor knows of the Head at Eton. Even his Ministers are sometimes shy; they do not run to him in the first flush of pleasure after a good day in the City.

An Uncle-Once-Removed.

On the other hand, there is the Mr. Asquith upon whom the Cabinet relies, when its other defences are seriously threatened, for the kindest sort of advice in private and the most vigorous sort of support in the House. He is not "cold as crystal and clever as the devil" to the men who work for him. To Winston he is something more than an uncle; and though Mr. George cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be said to hold the position of nephew to the "P.M.," the majority of his Ministers have learned more of his benevolence than his harshness, more of his consideration than his ruthlessness, since the formation of the present Cabinet.

The Five of His Fancy.

After a diligent boyhood he went to Balliol with a scholarship. Oxford seemed to him "a pure, an unalloyed and unmitigated pleasure." Jowett believed in him, saying: "Asquith will get on; he is so direct"; and Asquith believed, and still believes, in Jowett. "I would rather be governed by the five most incompetent men in England than by the five wisest women," said the Sage of Balliol, and Asquith agreed with him. The "P.M." still rules out the five wisest women; but whether he gives countenance to the sway of an incompetent quintet is a matter of opinion.



THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH.

Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, was born at Morley, Yorkshire, on Sept. 12, 1852, second son of Mr. Joseph Dixon Asquith. He was educated at the City of London School and at Balliol, and was called to the Bar in 1876. He took silk in 1890. He has been the member for East Fife since 1886, and has been Home Secretary, Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. His first marriage—to Miss Helen Melland, who died in 1891—took place in 1877.

Photograph by Thomson.

Balliol, and After. His contemporaries leave no doubt as to his success at Oxford. Lord Milner and Dr. Warren (who has been paying the Prince of Wales the compliments of Magdalen) remember him as a man of many friends, though no cricket. He played no games, but was not inhumanly indifferent to the physical life, and was known to get on a horse, or into the river, if the fit took him. By the men who were not of his set his manner was found dry, stand-offish, and in debate it was occasionally too contemptuous to be approved. For all that, he was popular. He was devoted to the classics, but not to the exclusion of teas and a pipe. The affections of those days keep their hold on him. If he is sparing of classical quotation in the House, it is because the dead languages are really dead there. An unashamed blankness on the countenances of his supporters met him when last he fell back upon Virgil in a Commons speech. Greek and Latin authors, nevertheless, are his daily reading. The poets-laureate of his own particular liking did not write in Shakespeare's barbarous language.

Giving a Character.

Last year, in Mürren, there was discovered a woman with a taste and talent for fortune-telling and character-reading. Among the visitors who flocked to her hotel was Mrs. Asquith. "Tell me my fortune," said the

P.M.'s wife, holding out her hand, "but not my character. For that I refer you to the English papers." That is the only reply, and then only uttered among distant snows, that Mrs. Asquith has ever made. The Press surrounds her with a legend as distinct as the picture of Mr. Asquith quoted at the head of this page. But while the Asquith legend fades, the Mrs. Asquith legend survives. She does nothing to conciliate her critics; and a manner that is naturally hard is never softened for the purposes of making an impression, true or false.

Margot's "Mots."

Before her marriage Mrs. Asquith's Liberalism was as famous as it is to-day, and more so. She let her sayings go forth; Margot's mots were the delight of her circle, and a terror beyond it. The privately printed "A Little Journey in the Winter of 1891, and a Week in Glasgow," by M. T. (Mrs. Asquith's



MRS. ASQUITH.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1894, Mrs. Asquith was known as Miss Emma Alice Margaret Tennant, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, 1st Baronet.

Photograph by Thomson.

maiden initials) is full of wit, but impossible to obtain; and the sayings no longer go from mouth to mouth. When she went into the witness-box in the West case, she made the one remark that everybody remembers. Mr. Justice Darling's aphorisms serve their turn, and pass; but the lady's humour leaves an impression. It is the fault of the papers, which spoil her points, or try to sharpen them to wounding-point, that she grows silent. She has found that her audience, to be fit, must be few. She is a brilliant woman, with brilliant children and step-children. Perhaps they know her quality better than most people; certainly no other woman's talk has inspired Mr. Asquith to turn a Greek epigram in praise of its good sense.

RANK AND FASHION: SOCIETY AT ROYAL ASCOT.



1. PRINCE PAUL OF SERVIA, NEPHEW OF KING PETER.
2. THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, LADY HONOR WARD.
3. LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL, DAUGHTER OF THE 2ND EARL CAIRNS.
4. LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX, SECOND SON OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, AND LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX.
5. LADY HELEN GROSVENOR, (DAUGHTER OF THE 1ST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER) AND LOUISA BARONESS VIVIAN.

6. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.
7. THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON AND MR. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD.
8. THE COUNTESS OF LONDESBOROUGH AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY IRENE DENISON.
9. LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, AND MISS CADOGAN ON THEIR WAY TO THE COURSE.

As we note elsewhere, Ascot was as brilliant as ever this week, and Society, of course, turned out in full force for it—headed by the King and Queen.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Topical.

QUITE A "FRILLING" ASCOT: FROCKS AT THE MEETING.



NOT REVOLUTIONARY, BUT VERY CHARMING: DRESSES SEEN AT THE FAMOUS SOCIETY RACING FUNCTION.

Ascot, as regards fashions, has been as "frilling" as ever this year—possibly more so than ever. The fashions as seen there could not be described as revolutionary, but were certainly very charming. There has, in fact, been no one pronounced innovation in the feminine modes this season, dominating all the rest. Rather it has been remarked that individuality is the prevailing note, and every woman appears to have set a fashion for herself. One or two points of detail were common to most of the dresses at Ascot. Draped skirts, rather than those of a plain-clinging kind, were worn, and bodices were generally cut in the V-shape. Many of the gowns were of a kind usually associated in many minds with evening dress.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, C.N., G.F.U., Newspaper Illustrations, and L.N.A.]

RANK AND FASHION: SOCIETY AT ROYAL ASCOT.

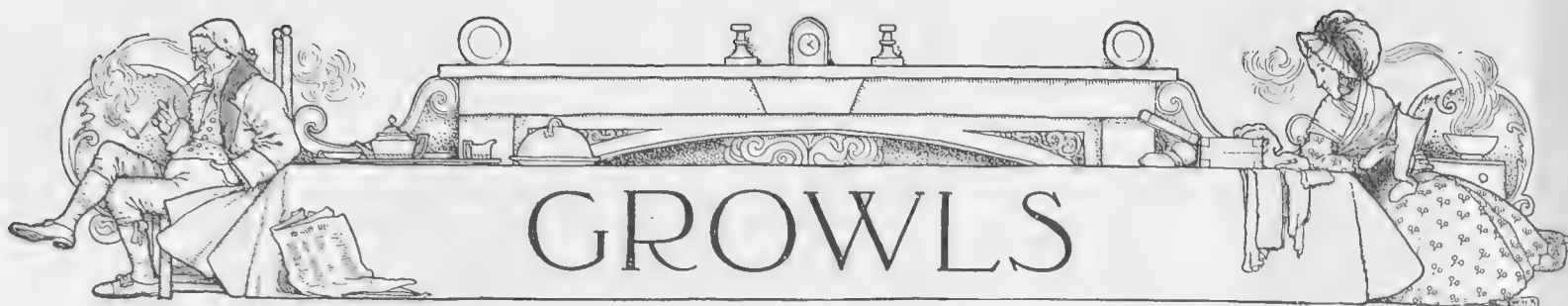


1. VISCOUNTESS CURZON, WIFE OF EARL HOWE'S ONLY SON, AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES, ELDER SON OF THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.
2. THE HON. MRS. CECIL BINGHAM, WIFE OF THE EARL OF LUCAN'S SECOND SON; HER DAUGHTER; AND MRS. BADCOCK.
3. LADY MERIEL BATHURST, ONLY DAUGHTER OF EARL BATHURST, AND HER FATHER.
4. COUNTESS PERCY, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S ELDEST SON.

5. BARONESS DE GOLDSMID AND MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.
6. LADY SYBIL GRANT, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY.
7. THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER, LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL.
8. LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE, THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER, HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LADY BRIDGET COKE, AND EVELYN LADY ALINGTON.

Ascot has never opened more brilliantly than it did on Tuesday of last week. The weather was gloriously fine, and the array of beauty and fashion for which the meeting is famous was thus seen at its best and gayest. The King and Queen drove over from Windsor in semi-state, accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strellitz, and followed by seven other carriages containing their other guests. Society was present in force, and the royal enclosure was unusually full.

Photographs by Topical.



THE ILLIMITABILITY OF LUNCHEON: THE MODERN MID-DAY.

I SHOULD hate to feel that the good things of life were losing their savour for me, and that I had ceased to appreciate to the full the pleasures of the table, but at the same time I am driven to take exception to a habit that has for some time been luring London more and more into its tentacles. I am not out to

maintain that business should invariably be conducted on the lines of complete austerity, and that Spartan simplicity should be the keynote of all its daily doings, but there is a golden mean in these matters which I think might be observed with advantage to all concerned. In the days which are to all appearance dead and gone, a man's place of business was his office. There you would meet him at his or your own suggestion, and there such business as was in the air was duly and deliberately discussed.



AT THE LADIES' BISLEY: MISS BOORE (OATLANDS), WINNER OF THE SURREY LADIES' HANDICAP CUP.

Miss Boore's total was 103'8.

Photograph by Record Press.

Not infrequently, a bargain thus decorously concluded was ceremoniously moistened during an adjournment to a neighbouring house of call, but nothing in the nature of an orgy occurred to celebrate what was, after all, regarded as a businesslike transaction, all in the day's work. There was a stately absence of excitement about the whole proceedings, and one came away possessed of that agreeable consciousness of "something attempted, something done," which the Village Blacksmith found so conducive to the earning of a night's repose. But nowadays, with whatsoever strenuousness people may conduct campaigns on the "dignity of business," all the old grim earnestness seems to have vanished from the conduct of our business; the office has become a place across the threshold of which one's foot is never permitted to pass, and no one can bring himself to talk over a scheme with anything approaching to seriousness unless it be over a groaning luncheon-table.

The Extent of Its Growth. It is a curious development, and one which cannot fail to leave a lasting impress upon the commercial life of the nation. If by any chance you do penetrate beyond the portals of a place of business, you do so in the full consciousness that nothing definite is likely to result. You will find a fine geniality in the reception accorded to you. You will be made to feel that you are unfeignedly welcome, and the cigars will be impeccable in quality; but when you leave it will be in the astonished certainty that there is, in Transatlantic parlance, "nothing doing." The conversation will have turned on most of the current topics of the hour, and you may have the gratification of knowing that a friendship of some standing has been still further cemented, but the object of your visit will not have been attained,

and may even have received something of a set-back. Only in the Lucullan atmosphere of a lingering luncheon is a proposition ever treated with the deference and seriousness which it deserves; only amid the garish surroundings of a fashionable restaurant can a deal be successfully negotiated. The simple chop in the simple chop-house will not suffice to concentrate the intelligence of the negotiator on the matter in hand. In order to bring him to a sense of its importance, the luncheon must be of a

comprehensive character, must consist almost exclusively of items which are out of season, and must be accompanied by all that is most recherché in the way of wines and liqueurs. Fortified by such delicacies, and apparently unbewildered by the band, then will your vis-à-vis begin to exhibit an intelligent interest in what is said to him and show himself able and willing to cope with the serious side of life.



AT THE LADIES' BISLEY: MRS. TURNER, WINNER OF THE GRAND AGGREGATE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Danger Lurking.

To a large extent I attribute to the telephone the prevailing condition of things. On the one hand, people rely upon the thing and use it as a substitute for paying calls; and on the other, they entertain such a distrust of it that they cannot count upon it for tangible results, and this feeling, coupled with a general tendency to luxuriousness, has inaugurated the new system. It is hard to believe that one is in a better state to grasp a proposition and to drive a bargain after a collation of cocktails, caviare, cutlets, cups of coffee and cognac, than one is in the uncompromising and forbidding surroundings of a business house; and it is incredible that the raucous outpourings of a troupe of instrumentalising Magyars should have a clarifying effect upon the intellect, and yet London has elected to accept these things

as its mental tonics. What is in the long run to result to the liver of London if it persists in these tactics I tremble to think. So far as I am personally concerned, the *sequelæ* have not as yet begun to make themselves aggressively apparent, and I am not above a consolatory feeling that, whenever the rigours of business assail me, they will be mitigated by the accompaniment of pleasurable provender; but the fear is ever-present with me that unless we reform ourselves we shall soon be plunged in a state of hopeless lethargy, and that when the enemy of whom we hear so much shall finally effect a landing upon our shores, he will choose for his enterprise

some afternoon when we are wrapped in post-prandial coma. To cry, "Wake up, England!" may succeed in the morning, but I doubt its efficacy while London is lying in all the listlessness and languor of a lengthy and luscious luncheon.—MOSTYN T. FIGOTT.



AT 'THE LADIES' BISLEY: MISS SHARP (BYFLEET), WINNER OF THE SURREY LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Sharp (Byfleet) tied with Miss G. Nicholson (Richmond) with a scratch aggregate of 101. The shoot-off resulted in a win for the former.

Photograph by G.P.U.



DURING THE SHOOTING FOR THE SURREY LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP, IN THE FIRING-LINE AT THE LADIES' BISLEY.

The third annual prize meeting of the Surrey Ladies' Rifle Association took place at Bisley last week.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !

FOR SALE.



XIX.—THE MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE TAKES HIS PLEASURES SAVAGELY.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY



SOME PASTELS, AND THE LUCKY NUMBER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I AM haunted. I am often haunted—sometimes by the bar of a tune all the more fascinating that I cannot mentally quite finish it; sometimes by a face half-remembered by my eyes and forgotten by my brain; or, again, by a line with a fugitive rhyme or a missing foot. Just now it is a picture that haunts me—a pastel. Imagine a window-pane through which you can see a corner of a Suffolk garden bordered by the sea—a garden sleeping, serene and sweet, in the pure clarity of an English June day. You can judge of all this through the window-pane; you can also feel that the owner of the garden must be gentle, calm, and simple—an English lady in linen frocks of pale-green, or maize, or mauve. You feel she must come often and sit on that small mount in the corner of the picture; she comes there to read Wordsworth, and gaze at the sea and around her with dignified appreciation of Nature, and the calm content which characterises the English people. Can you see the garden? Yes; well, then, come right inside the room—that room is not in the picture; you yourself are in the room when you look at the blue of the horizon through the window—and then, dark and sinuous, subtle, perverse, complex, and suggestive against the luminous outside, on this our side of the pane a statuette of Sappho stands—Sappho, her flesh made bronze, her arms immobilised as they were about to stretch and curve, her song silent, but dilating her throat still. Her Grecian grace, against the English placid and soothing solitude outside, makes the picture. I wonder whether I have made you see it? It is hung in a corner of the Doré Gallery, among the other works—mainly portraits—by Mrs. Pierse Loftus (Dorothy Reynolds). I am not an art-critic (though, alas! I have many other sins on my conscience), and when I judge—no, when I *talk*—of a work of art, it is from the point of view of the "average sensuous woman" to whom music is a song in Esperanto; landscapes—"places where I would like to be," or which "must be just like that"; portraits—people I would like to know, or not; sculptures—forms that would please my eyes, or convince them by their truth; and the artist—a point of view of which the chief qualities should be sincerity and conscientiousness. Quite a childish appreciation of art, is it not? But which I would not exchange for any wiser one strangled by sophistry, tradition, convention, and technicalities. Art, like Love, must be felt and never analysed.

Why do English artists excel all others in the rendering of childhood's pure, primitive, and animal charm? There is at the same exhibition, and by the same artist, a half-length portrait in

pastel of a young girl of fourteen or fifteen—"Yvonne." It is full of the brusque, and healthy, and unachieved beauty of early womanhood, which someone who knew not true beauty once called *l'âge ingrat*! I love the "ungrateful age," the "awkward age," when elbows and teeth are sharp, when eyes are bold and chaste, curious and reposeful; the waist where it should be, and the hair as it is.

When laughter is neither bitter, nor condescending, nor polite, nor modulated, nor moderated, and especially not *rosse*, but just physical exuberance, a natural gesture like a yawn or a stretching of limbs. Fourteen, free, frank, and fearless. Oh, to be fourteen, the lucky number! Oh, to be a colt with flowing mane galloping aimlessly in the high grass of a field that seems the whole world, and of which the barriers are low. To be the puppy whose roguish innocence insures him an ever-ready forgiveness—to be a puppy, a soft, boneless bungler and stumbler, to be able to devour tennis-balls (and digest them!) and tear lace-blouses, and lacerate chintzes, and be kissed on his little silky ears, on his little truffle of a nose, for all those social sins! To be a kitten and look lovable in the act of butchering a panting mouse! To be young enough, and gay enough, and irresponsible enough to be loved, absolved, and remorseless. To be young enough to be real without being ridiculed. To be ardent, and cruel, and generous, and of a severity that experience has not yet shaken, and of an injustice that splendidly ignores itself. To feel all-powerful in the belief that all is possible. To have faith in one's infallibility of thought. To preserve still the noble instinct of disobedience. To give "because" as the best of reasons. To tell enormities with lips assured and a gaze "inenarrably" pure—and blush for having said "Thank you" twice. Oh, to be a flamboyant flapper, flat-heeled, all legs and rebellious curls, happy and *sans pose*, like the

Yvonne of the Pastel! To be fourteen again, I would gladly accept to die at fifteen! You who have daughters of the *âge ingrat*, let them be! Let them be adorned with all their defects and touching immaturities. Do not train them too well, and after your own image. Do not oppress their happiness as girls in order to make them into would-be perfect women. They will never be perfect women, but they can be let to be gloriously, riotously alive—like a bull-rush in

the wind—at fourteen! Forethought in education, as in most things, seems to me an unwise subtraction from to-day's sum of happiness for the problematic profit of a to-morrow which may never come. Do not teach the flapper too much—it takes so long to unlearn!



A CHARMING AMERICAN VISITOR TO ENGLAND, MME. BRUQUIÈRE.

Mme. Bruquière, wife of Mr. Peter Bruquière, of Baltimore, is the daughter of Mr. H. May and granddaughter of General Hill. Her family dates its history back to the reign of King George III.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



WATCHING THE KING REVIEW HIS HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: THE COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH, THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD, LORD ARTHUR BUTLER, LADY LOCKHART, GENERAL SIR SIMON LOCKHART, CAPTAIN SPICER, AND LADY MARGARET SPICER (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Photograph by Topical.

WHAT HORSE SHOWS MAY COME TO!

FOR SALE.



THE HORSE SHOW: AN OLYMPIAN VIEW.

The newspaper accounts telling of the garden-like appearance of Olympia during the International Horse Show led our Artist to imagine that this is what Olympia looks like at the moment. Needless to say, he has exaggerated the mass of decoration; everyone at the function can see well. It is said that £10,000 has been spent on the decoration of Olympia. A list of flowers and material used includes: 50,000 artificial roses, 20,000 feet of timber for the arches, 20,000 square yards of material for the "blue sky" roof, 25 miles of stitching, 6000 yellow coleus plants, 12,000 crimson geraniums, 1000 silver maples some eight feet high, 2000 rambler roses, 1000 blue hydrangeas, 2000 hidden lights, 2000 tons of earth for the arena, 110 tons of tan, 500 tons of garden soil, 24,000 square feet of turf, 350 specimen bay trees, 4000 pink hydrangeas, 5000 marguerites, 1500 aspidistra ferns, for the golden rail of the arena, 500 Bermuda lilies, 1500 ferns, 500 palms some twenty-five high, and 250 baskets of flowers and trailing ferns.—[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]



THE ORCHESTRATION OF COLOUR: THE ART OF LÉON BAKST.*

The Coming of Léon Bakst.

Before the Russian Ballet came to London to astonish it from its superb belief that nothing could outdo its own, and to captivate the more artistic in it with its perfect posturings, its grace and abandonment of movement, its lithe daintiness, its barbaric rhythm, its poetry, its imagination, the name of Léon Bakst, spoken in many circles, would not have drawn a gleam of the response that is born of recognition and regard. On the Continent it was already known. Few here, save those who follow the phases and fashions over-seas, had heard it. Then the dancers were at Covent Garden revealing not only their Karsavina, their Nijinski, and the rest, but "décor" and dresses which invited criticism, yet baffled it. Costumes and scenery, indeed, were scarcely second to those for whom they were settings. Some, those of the older school, would have it that they were daring in their blaze of primitive colours; others, of a later growth, felt the joy of them, the sense of the radiantly beautiful, recognised that if this were madness to the world, that way sanity lies; saw that if there was riot on the palette, it was reasoned riot. In a word, Bakst entered into his own in London—usually the last capital to capitulate to the artist. He began to be talked about. Here was a man who understood the spirit of his subject and could give life to the pictures of his brain. Here was one who dared the unusual—and succeeded. There can be few now who have not at least heard of him. Most are familiar with his designs—either in themselves, or as translated for the stage; most are aware that of late he has turned his talents towards the creation of modern fashions; that he is responsible for the costumes and the scenery of d'Annunzio's latest play, "La Pisanella"; that still more that is his work will be in evidence at Drury Lane during the present Russian Season.

Line and Colour in Movement.

There is wisdom, therefore, in the publication at the moment of "The Decorative Art of Léon Bakst," a splendid volume of admirable reproductions in colour of outstanding examples of the artist's work, together with an Appreciation and 'Notes on the Ballets.' Let us deal with the first, as touching more closely the matter in hand. "The wonderful series of stage-settings that Léon Bakst has given to the world," writes M. Arsène Alexandre, "owe a great deal of their fascination to the strange blending of rich and sensuous beauty with a note of something sinister—almost menacing. From the first he was acclaimed a master of the harmony of line and colour in movement; that is one of his great secrets, and with each successive production his work has been more clearly recognised as an essential factor in, and an integral complement of, the enchanting inventions of the poets and musicians with whom he has worked." "Only during the performance," continues the writer, "must one give oneself up entirely to the joy of not attempting to understand the pleasure felt, the influence of Bakst. At other times it may be analysed." "When a poet by means

of words has in epic, idyl, or drama, brought his mind into contact with ours and fired our imagination, we begin to see before our eyes a whole world of colour and form. It is impossible when reading the history of Cleopatra, or of St. Sebastian, of

Daphnis and Chloe, or a little poem of Theocritus, not to see the changing lights and shadows of the scenes and the movements and the gestures of the actor. There are no eyelids heavy enough to shut out this association of ideas. . . . But, in their turn, these visions which we are powerless to dispel clude us if we try to define them further. . . . The colours pale and disappear, and what we took for solid shapes were only changeful shadows. All this would be disheartening were it not that certain privileged men are to be found who, armed with simple and rudimentary forms of matter, can stay the immaterial in its flight, and give us back a lasting presentment of the illusive. These men are the painters. . . ." In like manner, "there are regions where words seem never to have lived—regions, in truth, where they could not live. These are the realms of sound, the Kingdoms of Melody and Harmony. . . . Strangely enough, music, like poetry, also calls up before our eyes . . . forms that move swiftly and colours that scintillate even more rapidly." There Léon Bakst reigns. He sees the colours of music. "With the greatest economy of means he obtains the greatest sum of effect, and thus he realises an "orchestration" of colour in unison with the true colour of music. Does he wish to show us the divine haze of Greece shimmering in the sun, or to call up the glowing, poisoned splendours of the East. . . . Bakst can find all the silvery greens, the burning purples, and the dusky golds that are the very essence of life as it passes there."

Again, "Bakst knows how to clothe his figures, Historical, Mythical, or Tragic, in 'danceable' dresses. . . . he has seen his costumes in movement, in the actual movement of the poem. . . . His costumes seem to be the natural garment—the logical envelope, so to speak—of the figures that the painter has been at pains to understand and bring to life."

Now as to the man himself. Léon Bakst, M. Alexandre tells us, was born in St. Petersburg in 1868. His studies began at the School of Fine Arts there, but the atmosphere was too "official" for him. He left it behind him, and, in 1895, he went to Paris, to be a pupil of Edelfelt for three years. Commissions followed; yet it was not until 1906 that he really came into his own. Then it was that he decorated the Galleries and arranged a "bosquet" for the Exhibition of Russian Art. That made him, and it was evident that he should turn his attention to the stage. He did so, and St. Petersburg gave him chance. He painted the scenery for "Œdipus at Colonus" and "Hippolytus" for the Imperial

Theatres. Criticism came out of its corner, of course. The artist was a decadent—and so forth. Nothing troubled, he pursued his course—Paris, especially, encouraged—and he has won the race. That is proved by, amongst many other things, this magnificently produced book.



DESIGNER OF FAMOUS COSTUMES AND SCENES FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET.
M. LÉON BAKST.

Reproduced from "The Decorative Art of Léon Bakst" by courtesy of the publishers, the Fine Art Society.



BY THE GREAT DECORATOR KNOWN TO LONDON BY HIS COSTUMES AND SCENERY FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET: "L'AVEUSE," BY LÉON BAKST.

"L'Averse" is in the collection of M. Alexandre Korovine, of St. Petersburg. Reproduced from "The Decorative Art of Léon Bakst" by courtesy of the publishers, the Fine Art Society.

* "The Decorative Art of Léon Bakst." Appreciation by Arsène Alexandre. Notes on the Ballets by Jean Cortéau. Translated from the French by Harry Melville. Seventy-seven Plates. (The Fine Art Society, New Bond Street; £5.)

POSSIBLY HIS LUCK?

FOR SALE.



THE BOY: I say, father, if the last day came and the earth was destroyed and an airman was flying, what would he come down on?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ARMOURER - SERGEANT SMITH.

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

ARMOURER - SERGEANT SMITH, of the D.C.L.I., was a bit upset. He had just been refused by the prettiest barmaid in Irish Town. To be refused by a rock-scorpion is insulting to the Empire, the Service, the Regiment, and to the Sergeants' Mess. Consequently, Armourer-Sergeant Smith, ordinarily as temperate as it is good for a man to be, had been consoling himself with strong drink. In his disappointed and excited state, the strong drink had taken some effect on him. He was in the condition when his legs were still strong; but he was not quite sure whether to be pathetic or angry. Yet he was sensible enough to be sure of this: although his excitement was not such as to invite the attention of the Military Police or the Picquets, who would duly consider before they ran in a Staff-Sergeant, yet it was sufficiently obvious to excite the pointed comment of any officer of his own battalion who happened to cross his path. Therefore, Armourer-Sergeant Smith decided, like a wise man, to cool his wrath and his head by taking a walk to Algeçiras.

"Confound all rock-scorpions and Spaniards and all Dagoes of every sort!" said Armourer-Sergeant Smith. "After all the money I've spent in that house and on that girl! To throw me up for a dirty-skinned son of a gun whose whites to his eyes are not whites at all. If he gives me the shade of a shadow of an excuse, dashed if I don't punch the head of the first Jack Spaniard I meet."

There are people whom a little drink turns into lovers of abstract justice. Some of them rush in to blow a policeman's whistle when he has his man well in hand. Some of them cry "Shame!" when the overweighted and justly angry policeman gives one of his assailants a gentle tap with his very inadequate staff. Whatever these people do, they are wrong. So with Armourer-Sergeant Smith.

"Hallo!" said he. "What's this going on here? A smuggler's boat? This won't do. It's the business of an Armourer-Sergeant of his Britannic Majesty's Army to assist in maintaining the laws of a friendly Power."

As he walked down towards the boat, a dozen smugglers came running for the same goal, and, after them, some armed Frontier Guards.

Abstract justice and drink inflamed Armourer-Sergeant Smith. Barring shooting—and the pursuers were not marksmen—the smugglers had enough in hand to get clear away. Smith was the only means by which they could be intercepted. He sprang into the breach—or rather, between the smugglers and their boat. He threw up his right hand and cried aloud—

"Halt, in the name of the law!"

Being sailormen, most of whom have some English, and being from the neighbourhood of Gib., it is possible they understood him. If so, their actions showed their contempt for him and for the Law to be about equal. For, finding he insisted on intercepting their retreat and quite refused to let them evade him, they promptly closed round him, knocked him on the head with a gunstock, and flung him into the bottom of the boat.

When Armourer-Sergeant Smith came to himself, sat up, and looked around him, he was stripped to the skin, and was on a bare, rocky shore, most uncomfortable as a seat. Worse still, he was surrounded by a crush of savage-looking Moors, who appeared such uncompromising Mohammedans that he thought it quite on the cards they might cut his throat offhand in a rush of religious enthusiasm. The Spanish ship was in the offing.

"There's one thing, chummy," said Armourer-Sergeant Smith to a Moor who had lost his left hand, "as the Dagoes haven't left me even a pair of socks, you can't rob me of much, can you?"

His tone was polite, and at the same time genial. The Moor grunted, not unamiably.

"I'll tell you what you've been doing," he continued, looking from the Moor's left wrist to the old-fashioned muzzle-loader in his right hand. "You have loaded that demi-culverin, or whatever you call it, with paper, and poured the powder in from the flask. A smouldering piece of the paper remained in the barrel and ignited the powder. The flame ran up the barrel to the flask, which burst in your hand."

He suited the action to the word, and explained in dumb-show. The Moor caught his meaning at once, and nodded approval. This

might be an infidel, but was evidently, he thought, an intelligent man, with more abilities than clothes.

"You see, my son," went on Armourer-Sergeant Smith, who thought the combined profession of arms and trade of armourer made up the highest calling heaven ever conceived, and who had studied arms as a religion, "if you will use sackers and falconets, to speak sarcastically, you should always load with the bowl of a clay-pipe. Then there's no danger of firing the magazine."

All this his hands explained almost as well as his tongue—barring his sarcasm, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps better unexplained—and the Moor grunted again—this time distinctly amiably. He also handed his muzzle-loader to Armourer-Sergeant Smith, who took it in hand and ran an eye over it.

"I see. This—this gas-pipe ought to go into dock. I'll do this for you, my lad," he said, with the patronising tone of the Staff-Sergeant towards the promising, yet respectful, private. "Give me a tenpenny nail and a big stone, and I'll put this right—though, honestly, it's not worth doing. When it is done, you'll be safer at the muzzle than at the breach."

His acquaintances, or captors, whichever they might be called, made a move to go, and signed to Armourer-Sergeant Smith to accompany them. He had no alternative. But first he said—

"Armourer-Sergeant Smith is my name. Commonly called 'Jags.' I'm a modest man, and, although I understand any ladies we meet will probably be veiled, I am not. If you want anything done to your middle-aged and antique collection of weapons, kindly provide me with something in the way of clothes."

The one-handed seemed to think this reasonable, and ended him with a burnous.

"I am more lucky with the Mohammedan Moors than with the Christian Spaniards. The Spaniards took my clothes. The Moors, who I thought might have taken my skin, have given me a cloak. It seems to me I might be worse off than here if they pay their armourer-sergeant by the job. For they've hardly a bit of ironmongery that shouldn't go back to Birmingham or Enfield for a new barrel, if not to the Tower as a curiosity."

So Armourer-Sergeant Smith, being unmarried, and desirous of seeing the wide world, went up into their village with the crush of Moors, who turned out to be the most brigandly of piratical Riffs. With them he abode, mended their guns, and—when they had done a particularly good stroke in the pirate line of business and were consequently flush of money—arranged for the importation of some Krag-Jorgensen rifles, with pin-head sights, which soon made his village top dog over the other fifteen. It chanced that the one-handed Moor, who had been so well disposed from the beginning, was the chief, by name Gabbas. He—seeing the advantage to the village of having a man like Armourer-Sergeant Smith, who could mend, and almost make, guns, could get them rifles from across the sea, and knew something of soldiering as understood by the Christians—made smooth the Englishman's way among the savage Riffs. The best the village afforded was at Smith's service. And he was the kind of man for whom the best was always good enough. He dressed as a Riff, and, being by nature a swarthy man, and lean and stringy, not plump, as staff-sergeants often are, his life in the open air, with the sea breezes from the north and the sirocco from the deserts, soon made him as like to a Riff as one pea to another. Before long he began to speak the language a little. Then Gabbas said to him—

"It is time you married."

"There is too much to do," replied Armourer-Sergeant Smith. "There are too many guns to mend. There is too much to see. Things are new to me. I wish to see the wide world and to enjoy it."

"No man is a man until he has married a wife and has begot his man," returned Gabbas. "I like you well. If you will marry my daughter I can well content you in the matter of dowry."

So Armourer-Sergeant Smith married. That made him more Riffian than ever. Then, in the course of time, Gabbas died. And the Englishman, as the richest, most masterful, best educated, and cleverest man in the village, duly succeeded to the vacant headship.

There came to the village an American trader with whom the

[Continued overleaf.]

Those Who Beat Us!

FOR SALE



IV.—He was a born comedian and began to be funny on the first tee. He said some killing things when I was in the bunker at the second; but his chief chance came when I was in casual water at the eighth. Being 2 up, he was still humorous at the turn. However, we reached the eighteenth all square. Here he told me one of his best stories while I putted—!!!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



ON THE LINKS

CHAMPIONSHIP THRILLS: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WINNING MOOD.

Open Championships.

Another Open Championship Meeting is just ending, and with it end the great competitive events for the season in this country. France and then America will claim attention next. I have just been reflecting on the strong incidents of some of the Open Championships of past years, just as this one now concluding had its own strong incidents to be always remembered. In doing so I have discovered a strange coincidence. Only once since the world began has an amateur won the Amateur and Open Championships in the same year, and that is why the Royal Liverpool Club has a clock-tower on the top of the clubhouse and a clock to commemorate the great achievement of Mr. Ball. But on two other occasions have amateurs come within the veriest trifle, as it were, of equalling this wonderful record—that is to say, the late Lieutenant Tait (in 1896) and Mr. Hilton (two years ago) were really winning the championship when they were only three holes from the end of the long-drawn-out test. In each case disaster overtook the man at the sixteenth hole in the last round. In 1896, Mr. Tait had won the Amateur Championship at Sandwich in the most brilliant style, and in the Open at Muirfield he placed himself in such a position at the end of the third round that if he could do a 74 in the last he would win. Such a thing needed some doing, but it would have been accomplished but for bad luck at the sixteenth hole, the entry in his diary afterwards running, "Started knowing that 74 was required, and would have done it but for bad luck at the sixteenth hole. Played a splendid game from start to finish, but the long putts would not go in."

The Fatal Sixteenth.

In the other case, Mr. Hilton, when he got to the sixteenth hole at Sandwich in 1911, had thirteen strokes left to win the championship, and thirteen was the par for the three holes that had to be played. The sixteenth is a short one, but difficult; the other two are long

Mr. Hilton forget the Himalayas at Prestwick, and how he played it in the second round of the Open Championship of 1898. He took an unfamiliar club to the tee-shot, sent the ball into the sand-hill in front, and then dealt with it in such a manner that by the time he had holed out at this par 3 hole he had played eight! Yet, despite the waste of five strokes at this hole, he lost the championship only by two. Many of us wonder what is passing through the mind of the man who wins just when he is winning, nearing the end of his tremendous task. Inscrutable faces have the men at such times, but we are not to be told that they are not suffering from severe

tension, despite what James Braid says about the only way to win a championship being "to be comfortable like" all the time.

Thoughts While Winning.

Willie Park, according to his confession, was certainly communing with himself in a half-dreamy sort of way during the last few minutes of his last round in the championship of 1889, which was the second that he won. When there

were four holes to play, Andrew Kirkaldy led him by two strokes. "Going to the fifteenth hole," said Park, "I remember that I asked my caddie if I should take my brasseys for my second shot, and he was too excited to answer me at all. You might have heard a pin drop, and if anything could have made me miss that most important shot it was the awful silence that prevailed. On the third last green I had a putt of about seven yards for a three, and I knew I must hole it if I was to win. I took my stance, and just as I was about to make my stroke a tremendous cheer went up from the crowd following the players in front, one of these players being Kirkaldy. I remember very well that in a mood of resignation I whispered to myself, as I swung my putter on to the ball, 'That is something good for Kirkaldy,' and I holed my putt." It turned out afterwards that the cheer was not for anything that Kirkaldy had accomplished, but was caused by his partner having



Photo. by L.N.A.

COMPETITORS FOR THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT HOYLAKES (LEFT TO RIGHT): JAMES SHERLOCK, W. L. RITCHIE, R. G. WILSON, C. H. MAYO, ROWLAND JONES, JAMES HEPBURN, TOM BALL, AND L. B. AYTON.



CAUSE OF AS MANY TRAGEDIES AS THE ROAD HOLE AT ST. ANDREWS: THE "BRIARS"—THE 6TH AND MOST FORMIDABLE HOLE AT HOYLAKES.

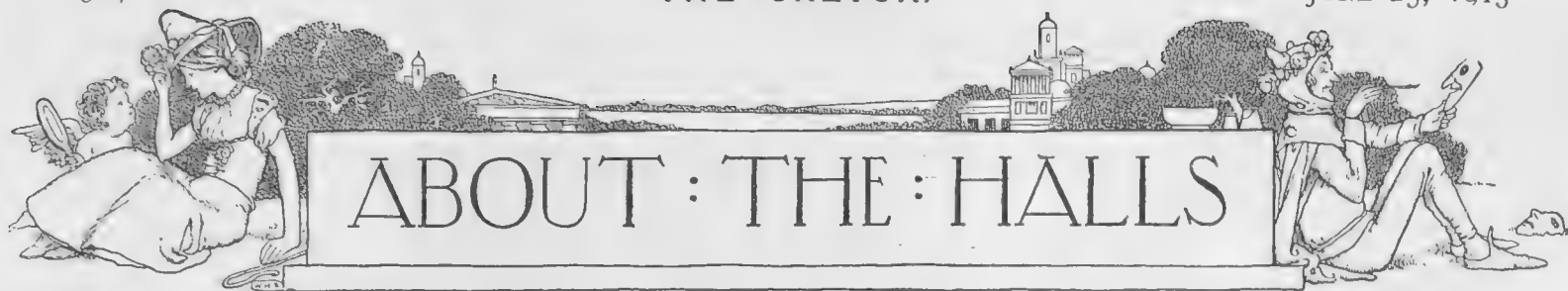
Describing the Hoylake course, Mr. Henry Leach has written: "The sixth hole is the famous and terrible 'Briars,' which has a reputation as evil as the 17th, or 'Road' hole, at St. Andrews. Here the man has to take the longest carry that he dare over the corner of a garden. Eights, nines, and tens are done at this fearful hole when fours are wanted. At the last Open Championship nine players took eight to it, eleven took seven, and Mr. John Ball himself took nine."

ones, and while they might be got in fours, much luck was needed to get them in that on that particular day. As it happened, Mr. Hilton got a little pull on his tee-shot to the sixteenth, and the ball went into the bunker on the left, from which it was played out to the other side of the green. Three putts followed, and so five strokes were taken to the hole, and, no fours being got afterwards, the championship was lost by one stroke. And never while he lives will



INDICATING THE APPROACH TO THE "ALPS" AT HOYLAKES: THE GUIDE-POST AT THE TOP OF THE HILL LEADING TO THE 11TH HOLE.

done the last hole in one, this being at Musselburgh. "When I played the ball at the last hole," Park went on, "I hit a man on the head with my tee-shot, and then laid my ball dead from fifteen yards. I said to myself as I made the last putt, 'What a ridiculous fool I shall look if I miss this!'" However, the ball went in sure enough, and the result was that Park and Kirkaldy tied for first place, and Park won on playing off the tie. HENRY LEACH.



AN OLD FAVOURITE: TWO MUSICAL TURNS.

THE successors to the ill-advised Mr. Oscar Hammerstein continue in their pursuit of the ideal revue. Their idea—and it is obviously the right one—is that the revue should be run on the lines of a morning paper, that it should omit nothing of momentary interest, and that it should seize upon anything that suggests itself as a “scoop.” Retaining such plot as there was in its original form, they continually introduce into their show some new feature which they think is likely to attract, and which looks well on the hoardings. They bring Mlle. Polaire from Paris, and show us Georges Carpentier fresh from his triumphs at Ghent. They give us England’s defeat in the International Polo Match, and they import the world-famed Cléo de Mérode; and, last but not least, they entice the old playgoer by giving him the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with Miss May Yohe. It seems ungallant to mention the fact that it is a good twenty years since May Yohe took the town by storm in “Little Christopher Columbus,” but historical facts cannot be blinked, and there are obviously many people left in London who are eager to show their desire to welcome the star of former days. May Yohe’s voice was never of the kind that would prompt the poet to write sonnets. It was always freakish in its depth, and curiously rough in quality, and it never contained more than a few notes at the outside; but there was something about it, and there still is something about it, giving it an attractiveness all its own. London audiences have very good memories, and they loyally adhere to those who have given them pleasure in the past, and they break into loud applause when the chorus parts and discloses May Yohe in the well-remembered plantation costume with one of the little knickerbockers turned up. They know they are going to hear “Oh, Honey, ma Honey!” once again, and they are unfeignedly glad. The old voice is still there, and it seems almost impossible that the happy-looking lady should be the May Yohe of our youthful and impressionable days.



AS SHE WAS WHEN HER SINGING OF “HONEY, MA HONEY” AND HER TURNED-UP KNICKERBOCKER-LEG MADE HER FAMOUS: MISS MAY YOHE AS SHE WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

From Covent Garden.

When I dropped into the early house at the Holborn Empire the other evening, I found dreadful things going on. Mary Mayfren and George Pichett were performing in a Chinese-American sketch designed to point the moral that “you may play with a bear or nurse a rattlesnake and come off free, but don’t get monkeying with Chows—’taint safe.” There were battle, murder, and sudden death, and everybody concerned in the “episode” was reeking of criminality. The curtain went down on the corpses of two desperate ruffians who had been strangled by a pair of sinister Chinamen, and then, with that startling suddenness that distinguishes the music-hall, rose again and displayed a dainty set with a grand piano and a lamp shedding a soft pink light upon a luxurious sofa. To this entered Mr. Alfred de Manby (by permission of George Edwardes, Esq.) and a lady who is merely alluded to on the programme as “Edith,” but who it is divulging no secret to say is the wife of that admirable singer, Mr. Harry Dearth. Mr. de Manby, who has done much good operatic work at Covent Garden and elsewhere, has a fine voice and a handsome presence, and he knows at the same time how to sing a ballad. In this entertainment, which

he describes as a “Love Song Phantasy,” he sings two ballads to the accompaniment of “Edith” and a cigarette, and concludes with a duet in the course of which the accompanist, carried away by emotion, quits the piano and leaves the orchestra to do the work. All the songs are well chosen and well sung, and the turn makes a delightful contrast to the grim horrors of the opium-den; and the audience is not slow to show its appreciation of what is really a charming display.

More Music.

At the Palladium also there is to be heard an outburst of serious music. Mme. Alicia Adelaide Needham is a well-known composer of songs, and she has written a “Patriotic Song Cycle,” which is being sung by four “well-known Oratorio and Festival Artists,” whom she accompanies on the piano. Whether this cycle will have the much-to-be-desired effect of waking up England, I am not in a position to say, but concerning its patriotic fervour there can be no possible shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever. Amid a dressing of Union Jacks, the quartet sings of love of country, preparedness for war, the battle and the breeze, and everything else perivind. Englishmen are adjured to “arm, arm, make yourself ready for War’s alarm,” and the soprano passionately declaims “A soldier, a soldier, a soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me!” It is quite clear that the composer is very much in earnest, and it is equally clear that she has managed to communicate her earnestness of purpose to her interpreters, who enter into the spirit of the thing with commendable

zest. Even in the tenor we can picture a prospective fire-eater of the most fearsome kind. The music is all of the spirited order, and Mme. Needham, who is appropriately attired in red, white, and blue, plays the accompaniments with much distinction. She receives every assistance from her company, which comprises the Misses Ada Forrest and Alice Lakin and Messrs. Lloyd Chandos and Thorpe Bates, who succeed in successfully carrying through an undertaking which might appear rather ridiculous if it were not well and earnestly done. Some people may not be particularly appealed to by a frenzied love of country, and by a lyrical defiance of the nation’s foes, and some may even see in such things an insidious bolstering up of the policy of Universal Service. Their breasts may even harbour the dark suspicion that behind it all there lurks the martial figure of Lord Roberts, and that a subtle attempt is being made to warp the public intelligence and instil a tendency to blood-thirstiness, but I think we need have no fear. The audience received the turn with commendable placidity, and exhibited no indications



SINGING AGAIN, TO THE GREAT PLEASURE OF HER AUDIENCE: MISS MAY YOHE AS SHE NOW APPEARS, IN “COME OVER HERE,” THE REVUE AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Photograph by Record Press.

of a burning desire to leave the building *en masse* and march immediately upon the foe. Eyes did not flame, and fists did not clench, and I did not observe any disposition on the part of anyone present to put into practice the defiant precepts enunciated upon the stage. The tenor possibly might suggest that he was personally capable of all sorts and kinds of deeds of derring-do, but he failed to infect the audience with his thirst for blood, and the Chancelleries of Europe need have no fear that this song cycle will in any way endanger the world’s peace.

ROVER.



TYRES CHEAPER : ELECTRICITY v. PETROL : A FEUD ENDED : RUSSIAN ROADS : THE ISLE OF MAN.

Tyres Down Again.

Motoring is not an inexpensive pastime, and even those with well-lined pockets will learn with gratification that the cost of the most expensive item in the gallery—that is to say, tyres—has been reduced. That is, at least, in the case of the popular goods made and vended by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., of 3 and 4, Thurloe Place, London. In some instances the reduction amounts to as much as 15 per cent., which means a whole guinea off a tyre originally costing £7. The reduction also applies to the new Continental oversizes to which I drew attention a week or so ago, and which are made in 125 mm., to fit 105 mm. rims, and 135 mm., to fit 120 mm. rims. The reputation of Continental tyres is such that, notwithstanding this substantial reduction in cost, the public may rely upon the fact that the quality of the tyres will remain unaltered, and that the Continental Company will spare no pains to maintain their accepted standard.

From Dumfries to London by Electricity.

The electrically propelled car is always coming, but never quite

comes. A few months ago, the dire presage anent the new Edison accumulator seemed to threaten the future of the petrol car—indeed, so strong an impression had its apparent possibilities made on a well-known motor-car manufacturer that it was said his works were in course of reorganisation, in preparation for the great petrol débâcle. Well, well, threatened men often live long; and, taking a line through the interesting account of a run by the new Arrol-Johnston electric car from Dumfries to London which appeared in the *Autocar* of June 14, it seems to me that the petrol-car has still very little to fear. In the early part of the story, stops of one hour, one and a half hours, and three quarters of an hour at Carlisle, Penrith, and Lancaster, are specifically mentioned; while stops for charging, without reference to time, are indicated at eight other points up to Rugby. The car ran thence to London, via Northampton, Bedford, and Luton, but it is not definitely stated whether stops for charging—or, indeed, any stops at all—were made at these places. The whole cost of the first day's run for current worked out at less than a farthing per mile, and for the full journey—Dumfries to London—at approximately one fifth of a penny per mile.

Burying the Hatchet.

By a letter which reaches me from Messrs. Argylls, Ltd., I learn that the directors of that Company have pleasure in intimating to their shareholders that the protracted litigation in which the Company has been involved with the proprietors of the Knight patents is now at an end. It will be remembered that the Argyll Company

succeeded in defending the validity of their patent first in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, and, secondly, in the Court of Appeal. There still remained, of course, the House of Lords; but, abhorring further conflict, the parties concerned have come to an arrangement the effect of which is that the proprietors of the Knight patent accept the judgment of the Court of Appeal as final. The success of the defendants cannot fail to impress the public, and increase the Argyll Company's prestige in the automobile world. They are now left in a position to proceed with confidence in the commercial development of their own type of engine, which but just lately proved twice over at Brooklands to be second to none on the market.

Métallurgiques in Russia.

If any of my readers are acquainted with Russian roads—which, I am informed, are not roads at all, but merely horrible tracks—they will be able to appreciate the wonderful qualities of the 15-20-h.p. Métallurgique which was recently driven by that plucky driver Duray through the Russian Grand Prix race. This staunch and stable car not only won the Reliability Prize—after all, the blue ribbon of the event—but, medium-powered car as she is, won the third prize for speed. Only two Métallurgique cars took part in this trying event, and the one which came through with colours flying was the identical car which gained first prize in the Tour de France. That makers have sufficient hardihood to enter their productions in such punishing competitions augurs well for their belief in the durability, and it is evident that the faith held in their cars by the Métallurgique people, cognisant of their workmanship and durability, was not misplaced. To such a car, the wear-and-tear to which it is subjected by an ordinary user is a mere bagatelle.

Why No Isle of Man Race?

The Royal Automobile Club is indeed a long-suffering body. It frequently permits itself to be the subject of adverse criticism and censure, false representations and unfounded report, without winking an eye in denial until the storm has passed and the matters concerned have been almost forgotten. Now, those amongst motorists who have favoured a motor-car race of sorts in the

Isle of Man have long been left with an uneasy feeling that, at bottom, the Club was responsible for the failure of the race to mature. Although this impression was quite well known to be abroad, it was not until last week that the Club completely exonerated itself of these reflections, and showed how the matter has been handled, and I may say muzzled, by the Trade Society. The correspondence has been published in full in the columns of the motor Press, and I would urge its perusal upon my readers.

[Continued on a later page.]



RECENTLY DELIVERED TO VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON:
A 30-H.P. LANCIA LIMOUSINE.

This car was recently delivered by Messrs. W. L. Stewart and Co., of Albemarle Street. The bodywork is by Messrs. Maythorn and Son.



STARTED BY THE MERE PRESSURE OF A PEDAL: A 15-H.P. NAPIER—MRS. VANE, WIFE OF MR. H. T. VANE, GENERAL MANAGER OF NAPIER MOTORS, LTD., AT THE WHEEL.

Special attention is drawn to the ease with which a Napier can be driven. When it is fitted with a self-starter of the spring type, as shown in the photograph, a lady can start the car by just pressing a pedal. The steering of the Napier is so arranged that the car answers the slightest touch. This fact, combined with the flexibility of the engine, permits the driving of the car, at low and high speed, under absolute control, and thus makes the threading of traffic simplicity itself. The Napier, indeed, is excellent for ladies who like to drive themselves.



SMALL TALK

THE brush and pail, with a pound of whitening, which were sent to the House, naturally never reached the P.M. Some refuse to believe they were ever despatched; in such jokes the main point is to get a paragraph into the papers. With that accomplished, the joker need hardly go to the trouble and expense of a parcel and a messenger. But had it been a more sizeable and precious-looking consignment, it could have been sent with some chance of delivery. When the Duchess of Sutherland delivered her last address in the Potteries, she said, as is her habit, things that are regarded by some of her peers as a betrayal of Class. Hers is a witty way of demolishing the pretensions of wealth which proves particularly irritating to the pretentious wealthy. At any rate, when she returned to Stafford House the day after being reported in the *Times*, she

TO MARRY MISS E. D. C. SYMONS-JEUNE TO-DAY, JUNE 25, MR. C. HANBURY.

Mr. Hanbury is the eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Hanbury and Lady Hanbury, of La Mortola, Ventimiglia, Italy. The wedding is to take place at Old Windsor Parish Church.

Photograph by Langflier, London.

to devote herself to the concerns of her own sphere. The sender was anonymous, and remains so.

The Fourth.

After his first dinner in London the American Ambassador hastened to remind his audience that "a clawless kitten is not more harmless nor more uninforming than a foreign Ambassador at a banquet." But Dr. Page, if he must be clawless, is not allowed to be pawless. The chief ordeal of his post is the hand-shaking of the Fourth of July. He will go through it with a smiling countenance, but a heavy heart, for his Excellency takes something rather less than delight in all social ceremonial. But the Fourth of July, while it taxes the physical man, puts very little strain upon his other faculties. He must shake hands with his thousand-and-one guests; they are all, for the afternoon, his friends. But for a man who declares, as Dr. Page does, that he has the worst memory in the world for faces, there will be more excruciating moments when, at smaller functions, he has to discriminate between strangers and acquaintances, and recall in what State he dined with So-and-So. The wholesale entertaining of the Fourth may be hard labour; it is not mental torture.

Very Winning.

There is no Censor of Patterns in the Lord Chamberlain's office, and this year's Ascot was an Ascot of fantastic frocks. The touch of Bakst, and Matisse, and Mr. Roger Fry was apparent in dozens of designs. Lady Henry Bentinck, for instance, having abandoned the conventional flowered silks, has a marvellous wrap covered, not with roses, but with radishes. The vegetable is civilised, but the effect is barbaric, and beautiful. "How do you like my Post-Impressionistic

gown?" the Marquis de Soveral was asked by one lady in the new colours. "Very Winning Post-Impressionism," answered her racy critic.

Lulu and Co. Mr. Harcourt's suggestion that "Lululand" would be a

shorter and more euphonious title for the East African Protectorate shows that he accepts, and rather likes, his nickname. There is always something glorious in the popularity that insists upon using a familiar abbreviation. Sir George Trevelyan described Lord Crewe's father as "He whom men style Baron Houghton, but the gods call Dicky Milnes"; and while there is nothing exactly divine about "Lulu," or "Balc" (for Lord Balcarras, now Lord Crawford), or "Pom" (for Sir Schomberg McDonnell), or "Ned" (for Lord Edmund Talbot), or "Tuppence" (for Lord Gladstone), or

"Harry" (for Mr. Chaplin), it is certain that the vernacular of the Lobby is pleasing to those whom it most nearly concerns. Other men, on the other hand, are content to go through life with their proper titles. No freak appellation has ever disturbed the Bonar Lawful wedlock between the names born by the Tory leader ever since his christening.

Private Maxims.

The uglier nicknames are not necessarily the least pleasing to their bearers. Lord Saltoun never sought to disguise the fact that he was at one time known as "Satan," nor was he more anxious to insist upon a second title occasionally bestowed upon him—that of "The Dove." Mr. Balfour has no preference for "Clara" as against "Mantalini," and although "Bloody Balfour" is not pretty, it never gave him more annoyance than the others. No man is more content with a name than "Blue Monkey" with his; and Lady Warwick, "the babbling Brooke" of a generation ago, when a woman who mounted the platform was the exception, never objected to the jest. But it was not neat enough to last. Much neater are some of the inventions of "Max," himself a victim to the easy familiarity of the British public; but the best of them are for family consumption only, and so never seriously threaten the retirement of his friends.

Play and Players. Lady Howard de Walden's company of musicians at Scaford House the other night rivalled Covent Garden for talent, with Mme. Yvette Guilbert thrown in, for variety. Scaford House was full, and other parties during the last few days have provided an abundance of good music. For all that, Mr. Balfour found time for Paderewski at Queen's Hall. A past and somewhat neglectful master of the violin, Mr. Balfour is also something of a pianist; but after following the concert of the other day with his most meditative air, he walked home to play upon—his pianola!

TO MARRY MR. C. HANBURY TO-DAY, JUNE 25, MISS E. D. C. SYMONS-JEUNE.

Miss Symons-Jeune is the daughter of Mr. J. F. Symons-Jeune, Chief Committee Clerk of the House of Lords, and Examiner of Standing Orders for both Houses.

Photograph by Langflier, London.



FORMERLY MRS. F. E. FITZHERBERT: THE NEW LADY STAFFORD.

The new Lord Stafford is the eldest son of the late Emily Charlotte, sister of the 10th Baron Stafford and wife of Basil Thomas Fitzherbert. He was born in August 1859. In 1903, he married Dorothy Hilda, daughter of Albert Octavius Worthington, of Maple Hayes, Lichfield. The baronetcy of the late Lord Stafford goes to Mr. Stafford Henry William Jerningham, son of the late Adolphus Frederick James Jerningham. [Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]



MISS WINIFRED CRAKE, WHOSE WEDDING TO CAPTAIN JOSSLYN S. EGERTON WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 23.

Miss Crake is the twin daughter of the late Major E. B. Crake, of the Rifle Brigade. Captain Egerton was formerly a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria.

Photograph by Swaine.



CAPTAIN JOSSLYN S. EGERTON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS WINIFRED CRAKE WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 23.

Captain Egerton, of the Coldstream Guards, is the son of the late Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton and of the Hon. Lady Egerton, sister of Lord Harlech.

Photograph by Swaine.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Militants and Men's Games.

If you attempt to interfere between an Englishman and his games or sports, you touch a spot as tender as, if not tenderer than, his pocket. To damage his golfing-greens, burn his boat-houses, or try to stop his races does not allure him to the cause you have at heart. On the contrary, he regards it as an outrage of poignant enormity, for we islanders have no sense of humour in regard to our recreations. They are, as a matter of fact, the only thing about which we are unanimously in deadly earnest. "Playing the game," "not cricket," and "fair play" are three terms which have become part of modern speech. Our standards are not ethical, religious, or critical, but simply those which rule the various games of ball with which our menkind beguile their leisure. It is for this reason that I venture to think the Militants were mistaken in attacking men's sports. They would do better to train assiduously a young woman who would be able to beat or equal a young man at the Berlin Athletic Sports, just as the girl undergraduates have come out on top at the recent Cambridge Tripos. You must accustom the world to regard a girl as potentially as "good a man" as her brother if you want to get equal civil and social rights. Englishmen have always admired women who ride straight to hounds, who shoot with accuracy, or play games with skill and fairness; they do not mind how much they "unsex" themselves—as the cant phrase goes—in the desire to emulate men in these things. In short, I fancy they like the muscles of their women-folk to be developed, but not their minds, though there is danger also in this modern development of the female creature. The other day, a small, thin girl who was selling Suffrage papers, molested by a man dressed as a gentleman, sent him, at the second attack, prone into the middle of the road. The small, thin girl had learnt the art of jiu-jitsu.

Romping Romeos.

We are too apt to assume that Romance is dead, and that the Young Eros no longer stalks abroad, carrying his bow and arrows in his chubby hands, for the destruction of such as are of suitable age. On the contrary, with that great Renaissance of Dancing which is so remarkable a feature of the day, I hear that the pagan god has renewed his activities. Thus, we hear of young men of birth and breeding, with all the world's pleasures before them, who, *à l'heure qu'il est*, actually go to balls uninvited—not, to be sure, for snobbish reasons, but because they have made an appointment to meet some "inexpressible she." Sometimes these audacious lovers do not penetrate into the ball-room at all, but meet in the lift, or lurk about the stairs. And, after all, did not Romeo go to Lady Capulet's ball uninvited, and are there not a hundred precedents for this unconventional behaviour? There are critics who maintain that, now that balls are given at sublimated taverns, you cannot expect the same rigid adherence to manners which should obtain in a woman's drawing-room—and that it is this modern craze which is responsible for the airy, uninvited guest.

The Time for Beauty.

There seems to be an opinion among artists, if not among ordinary folk, that a woman's best period for good looks is between thirty and forty—in short, that the full-blown flower, so to speak, is more satisfactory to look at than the bud. Buds are delightful, to be sure, and have an exquisite, pathetic loveliness—the pathos born of the ephemeral—all their own. We are annually set gaping by the extraordinary beauty of apple-trees in their spring finery, but we know enough not to pull off the boughs, for the apple which will be the produce of all this pink-and-white bravery is a delectable fruit, and will afford us more satisfaction than a spray of blossom. Yet I fancy it is only in the higher civilisations that woman is considered at her best in the years getting on towards middle-life.

In India, a girl is old at twenty-five, and widows—sometimes mere children—are condemned to a life of drudgery and contumely because they have fulfilled the only rôle which they are allowed to play. At thirty-five—when an Englishwoman's beauty is often at its best—the Hindu is an old woman.

The Eighteen-Fifties and the Fifteen-Fifties.

In an illuminating essay on the Death of Satire, a contributor to the current *Fortnightly* points out the abyss there is between the ideas of the mid-Victorian period and our own. Already, he declares, "Thackeray and Dickens stand in the dim dusk of a period close in time, but remote in ideas and manners." This is so true that it is amusing to imagine the consternation with which those Victorian geniuses would have regarded, for instance, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the appearance of women as Mayors, Justices of the Peace, and physicians, as well as on Royal Commissions, the growth of democracy, the cosmopolitanising of London, the waning prestige of the aristocracy, and, above all, the worldwide Suffrage movement. Amelia Osborne, of course, if she lived to-day, would have been an "Anti," but I am not at all sure that Miss Rebecca Sharp, that social rebel, would not have been as staunch an upholder of women's rights as Miss Betsy Trotwood and Miss Rosa Dartle would certainly have been. In spite of its extraordinary commercial activity, and its imposing array of literary genius, there was something essentially frumpy in the general attitude of mind. There were words—innocent, or, at any rate, natural enough—which no one could mention at a dinner-table without shocking the company. Everyone sat tight within his own ring fence of prejudices and opinions, and no breath of tolerance entered in from outside. To-day, we islanders resemble far more the men and women of the sixteenth century, when the Renaissance had done its work, High Adventure was in the air, and Elizabeth was manipulating Europe with a master hand. To-day, the horizon opens up just as it did when Raleigh sailed for Virginia, and Drake harassed the Spanish Main. We are more the direct children of the Fifteen-fifties than of the Eighteen-fifties.



OF ORIGINAL AND DAINTY DESIGN: AN EVENING GOWN.

We illustrate an original evening gown of saffron-yellow beaded tulle, puffed slightly above the skirt with drapery of chestnut-brown charmeuse, which opens in front to show a veiling of accordion-pleated tulle. The scarf, starting from the waistbelt and ending into drapery at the back, is of brown tulle. A cabochon of topaz is worn in the hair in front.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 9.

CHINA AND BRAZIL.

THE special settlement has just been concluded in the two new issues of 5 per cent. Bonds recently made by Brazil first, and then China. It is fresh in the memory of everybody how different was the reception accorded to the Brazil from that which hailed the China loan. Brazil scrip was offered in the market at a discount on the day when the prospectus came out; but dealings in the China commenced several days before the prospectus appeared, and at a substantial premium, the greater part of which has since evaporated, while the discount on the Brazil has further deepened. Both look tempting to the investor at the present time. Brazil Fives at 93½ compare with existing issues of the country's bonds carrying the same interest standing about 98; while Chinese bonds rule in the neighbourhood of 95, whereas the new scrip can be picked up at 90½, or rather less. Both of them possess an element of risk. Cautious people are beginning to get a little bit nervous with reference to Brazil, in consequence of the severe fall in the price of rubber, which threatens to wipe out some of the revenue at present derived from the country through the Fine Hard Para industry. The state of China is by no means pacific, and this is a factor which investors have to consider. But the risk of either country defaulting on its interest payments seems to be so slight as to make it worth the running by those who want to mix 5½ to 5½ per cent. stocks with their other securities.

HOME RAILS.

If the public were buying any stocks at all, they would probably be running after Home Rails just now. Earnings are good, foreign investments are somewhat out of favour, the current year's dividends are practically assured at comparatively high figures, and for the time being Labour shows little sign of unrest, although the echoes of the shipping strike linger in the ear. The Home Railway Market, however, is ignored. Nobody, except a few professional and semi-professional speculators, seems to care anything about it. And yet prices move fast enough to suit the fancy even of the gambler in Unions or Canadas. The market is swayed by the influences which happen to prevail in the Stock Exchange at the moment. This morning they may be affected by news from the Balkans; to-morrow they may be good or depressed by violent movements in Yankees. This is by no means a bad market for speculating in—to buy on the breaks and to sell on the bulges. Unless there is going to be a boom—and of such a thing no possible indication exists at present—it is fairly safe to sell when the market looks very strong; and, on the other hand, there is sufficient support forthcoming to give prices a useful lift when they have fallen several points. So far as Labour is concerned, it is worth noticing that quite lately a union of non-unionists, of which the late Lord Avebury was one of the founders, has been formed; and the association ought to prove a useful ally, not only to its own members, but to proprietors of stock in the railway companies.

THE RUBBER SLUMP.

Readers who follow these columns with any degree of closeness will probably feel little surprise at the course of the Rubber Market. The drop may have been overdone for the time being, and we quite expect to see prices rally a little on bear closing; but on its steady march towards lower levels the odds are, to our way of thinking, largely in favour of the bears. It will be a good thing when rubber itself gets down to half-a-crown per lb. For so long has this been a bugbear to the share market that it has come to occupy a position almost as terrifying as that of a synthetic scare. But still the quotation for the raw stuff goes down remorselessly, and that it will get to the round 2s. 6d. there is little doubt. Holders of the shares in the younger producing companies need not be perturbed at the course which events have taken; but even in this depressed hour, the shares in the older companies appear to us pretty fully valued in most cases. Which is another way of saying that for months past they have stood a great deal too high.

SHELLS.

Speculation in the shares of the Shell Transport Company is likely to suffer some diminution now that there is comparatively little to go for. Nothing striking is likely to happen during the next six months, unless it be afforded by the new issue of shares. The Company does not publish weekly or monthly progress statements, and so there is not much to excite the average buyer, unless it be furnished by another jump in the price of oil, or by some factor which happens to have an adverse bearing upon the Shell Company. So Shells must be regarded now as more in the nature of an investment than a speculation. Sir Marcus Samuel, at the meeting last week, gave proprietors plenty of encouragement, although he refused to be drawn into extravagance of language which might have suited the market bulls for the moment, but which might have proved difficult to justify later on. At the present price of,

say, 5 ex dividend, the return on the money works out to 6 per cent. on the basis of the past year's distributions, which will probably be increased in the future and augmented by the new issue already referred to. So, once more, the capitalist who wants to take an interest in the Oil industry can be told safely enough to put his money into Shells if he wants to have the pick of the bunch from the speculative investment standpoint.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

So long a time is it, fair my reader, since you and I have had a heart-to-heart talk in these columns, that I really don't know how to start now. My able Editor, about whom I have had to make almost personal remarks to you for many years past, has taken to filling the City pages of *The Sketch* with matter so much more important and interesting than my poor lucubrations, that you and I have had to contemplate one another sadly enough across a bridge of thoughts—flimsy things at best. Here, however, is an opportunity for filling up the gap with ink. Shall we to hearts, partner?

I do hope you haven't all been losing your money lately, but I can assure you that it is through no fault of my own that I haven't been writing for *The Sketch*.

(That's a nasty dig for someone.)

If you have not lost money, all I can say is that you must have been a bear. Let us hope and suppose this to have been the case; can you answer what is always to me a most inexplicable conundrum; to wit, why is a bear so much more timid an animal than a bull? You and I will buy stock, say, at 65, and contentedly watch it drop five, ten, fifteen; or even twenty points, and still we hang on waiting for it to turn, which sometimes it does, and sometimes—I speak, as Mr. Asquith might say, with a full sense of personal feeling—it doesn't. But when you and I sell a bear of something which we think will go down, and it doesn't fall right at once, we get fidgety, nervous, and apprehensive to such an extent that we go and cut a loss without giving the thing a fair chance to go down again. As bulls, we stick to our stock till all's blue, instead of cutting a moderate loss. As bears, we must go tumbling in to buy it back if the market at first moves against us. Ten to two we should make money by sticking to the bear tack once we were embarked upon it; but instead of doing so, we get frightened out of it, or into the stock. Odd, isn't it? Can you tell me its why and wherefore?

Some of the many messenger-boys in Throgmorton Street have discovered a golden rule for making money. When a newcomer is added to their number, two of them—confederates—suggest tossing for half-pennies, or pennies, odd man to take the money from the two others. I daresay you know as well as these young hopefuls how to spin a coin in such a way that it will come down head or tail, whichever you choose. One of the "partners" arranges that his penny shall fall heads, while the other one makes his penny come down tails. The new chum, therefore, always finds his money corresponds with that of one of the confederates, and the odd man takes the money from the other two, the financiers meeting afterwards to divide the swag. The game goes on until the novice twigs there is something up, or until he grows tired of losing his money, when the pair have to turn their benevolent attentions to some fresh pigeon.

It seems a pity, to those of us who love the Boy, *qua* Boy, that something is not done for the dozens of youngsters who fly (some wings are leaden, you know) round about the environs of the Stock Exchange with messages. They are bound to have spells of idleness, and the life is a direct incentive to bad habits, smoking, betting, gambling, swearing, and so on. Couldn't one of the many philanthropic agencies which work for boys do something for these lads in the way of providing a club? I don't see why this might not be tried, if someone would start it.

The bad showing made by the report of the London County Council Tramways is regarded by some men in the Stock Exchange as a hint which ought not to be lost upon holders of shares in the Underground Electric Railways Company of London, by reason of its absorption of the London General Omnibus Company stock. It is contended that the L.C.C., notwithstanding its Moderate majority, will be certain to cast envious eyes at the profits made by the motor-buses, and to take into more serious consideration the question of taxing these vehicles for the upkeep of the roads, and so on. Some kind of charge upon the 'buses would surprise nobody who has followed the subject with any degree of attention during the last year or two, and the local authorities would be backed by a good deal of substantial public opinion if they were to bring under contribution the people's motor-cars. For the motor-buses have many enemies, more particularly in the suburbs; and although it is not to be supposed that repressive legislation will be directed against the 'buses, there are ways and means by which the latter could be made to pay for road-preservation, etc., which might make a noticeable hole in the profits the Company is now earning. The matter is all the more topical at the moment, from the calculations and estimates which are being framed as to the possible dividend on the 1s. "A" shares of the Underground Electric Railways Company, the management of which is sufficiently shrewd and far-seeing to make ample provision for the possibilities which the future may hold in regard to the paring of profits. It seems to me that the outlook contains just so much uncertainty as to make a purchase of Bus "A" shares rather a doubtful venture at the moment. There is, by the way, an admirably secured 4½ per cent. Debenture stock of the London General Omnibus Company which can be bought about 95; for those to whom this kind of investment appeals, the stock is quite commendable for its safety.

Comparisons between the markets for English railway stocks and American railroad shares are certainly interesting at the present time, although the sets of conditions governing both are very different. In the Home Railway Market the prospects point to a probability of dividends being increased. In the American Market, talk runs upon the chances of the distributions being lowered, and rumour has been peculiarly active this last month or so in attacking nearly all the high-dividend-payers, from Atchisons to Union Pacifics, not omitting Pennsylvanias and Illinois Centrals on the way. The prices in the Yankee Market, however, have dropped to such an extent that they may be said to discount possible reductions in the dividend payments; but, on the other hand, Home Railway quotations are also depressed, notwithstanding the hope

[Continued on page 390.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

More Fair Unpainted.

"Heavens! how I should have admired those women in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot if they had not been painted and powdered!"

This was the perfectly genuine criticism of a man just home from an especially long spell of foreign service. He was full of delight in everything at home—even the smell of the motor-cars in the streets he said did not matter, they made things look so ripingly alive; but these lovely ladies angered him, not on the old-fashioned plea of its being fast to use paint and powder, but on the more up-to-date one that they would look much more lovely without it. Pointing, with a nod, to a lovely young married lady, he said: "Now she looks to me just like heaps of women in India; but if that stuff were off her face, why, a man might thank God for a sight of her beauty." Then he saw an older woman—smart, elegant, stylish, and made up. "That's all right," he remarked, "she is making the best of herself; but when there is youthful beauty, why put a mask over it? Nothing ever made by hands can come within miles of Nature's work." He is quite right; it is so: even young girls use make-up, and pity 'tis 'tis so.

Melted Grey Matter.

The days when the thermometer touches 82 in the shade make me forget things. Therefore, I have to make humble apology to Mrs. Hemming and the Cyclax Company, in that I gave their address as: 58, South Audley Street, when all the smart and beautiful women in London know it is 58, South Molton Street. However, we are not all smart and beautiful; many of us wish to become so, consequently I make the correction.

The Summer and the Sunshine and the Flowers.

Country lovers are busy now in their gardens, or in preparing to leave town for pastures new. The other day I was in Mark Cross's, 89, Regent Street, buying some gloves (their gloves are wonderfully good value, well cut, of best skins and leather, and beautifully fitting—they secured and have kept for over fifty years a remarkable reputation in all parts of the world)

when I saw a delightful "Cross" garden-basket—just the right present for a garden-lover. It was of brown wicker, and at each side a row of garden implements—hammer, trowel, fork, pruning-shears, vine-scissors, flower-scissors, a knife, and a measure—with plenty of space in the centre for plants. Another was a "Cross" basket of brown wicker, with red or green washable enamelled cloth lining, and in it one pair of specially designed stem-cutting scissors. It was a curious boat-shape, for the most convenient carrying of fine blooms, and the price was 18s. A "Cross" Windsor bag appealed to me, because, being narrow at the top, you carry it with your arm straight, and



MISS VERE SYKES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN C. R. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY WAS ARRANGED FOR JUNE 24.

Captain C. R. Champion de Crespigny is the eldest son of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, 4th Baronet. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and served with the Egyptian Army and in South Africa. The wedding was fixed to take place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on the 24th.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

there is no sense of strain. A delightful thing for short journeys, and in grained cowhide lined with checked linen, it costs only 43s. 6d. Also for holiday-makers was a clever "Cross" duplex

toilet-case having all fittings necessary for a man's table in most compact form for 65s.; another was a "Cross" adjustable roll to take a man's own fittings. In pigskin, it was 37s. 6d. As ladies are on the wing now as well as men, there is a "Cross" suitcase, made to take their own fittings, in green, blue, or black morocco, with lining of new Renaissance watered silk; the price, 92s. 6d. These are but a few of the summer presents to be found in this inimitable establishment.

Always With Us at this Season.

Summer sales are one of the institutions beloved of ladies; one that will make special appeal is that of Richard Sands and Co., 187A to 189A, Sloane Street, W. As room must be made for next season's things, there are very substantial reductions in all departments, and no special purchases whatsoever have been made for the sale. Many of the things can be obtained, on and after June 30, at under the prices they cost. Hats and robes for all occasions will be much reduced, and golfing and yachting hats will be sold for 9s. 11d. Remnants of veiling, feather boas, and ruffles are the feature of the sale; also lace-edged handkerchiefs, from 1s. 11½d. the half-dozen. Drop-stitch and plain lisle-thread hose, in black and all the new colours, at 10s. the half-dozen, will be greatly appreciated; as will fine spun-silk hose with lisle feet at 2s. 11½d. a pair. Blouses, petticoats, and lingerie have all been subjected to drastic reductions, and there will be bargains in blouses which have lost their pristine freshness, at 2s. 11½d., and petticoats at 1s. 11½d., the freshness easily restorable in washing.



ENGAGED TO BARONESS RAPHAEL D'ERLANGER: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR HENRY GALWAY, GOVERNOR OF GAMBIA.

Sir Henry Galway became Governor of St. Helena in 1902, and Governor of Gambia in 1911. He served in the Benin Expedition of 1897 and other campaigns, and has acted as High Commissioner of Southern Nigeria. Baroness Raphael d'Erlanger is a daughter of the late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, and sister of the present Baronet. Baron Raphael d'Erlanger, whom she married in 1894, died in 1897.

Photograph by Langflier.

At the International Horse Show, Messrs. Manfield and Sons, the well-known boot-makers, display, on their two stands (Nos. 3 and 4), an interesting exhibit of the world-renowned "Waukenphast" boots and shoes. Messrs. Manfield and Sons are the exclusive makers of the Waukenphast boots, which are hand-made, and of picked leathers from the best tanneries in the world. These productions, with their grotesque mark, are remembered by many of us long back into the past—in fact, they have been justly famous throughout at least half-a-century. Messrs. Manfield are also showing a selection of their new "De Luxe" models, which are claimed to be the last word in up-to-date bootmaking.

Mme. Chaminade, the eminent French composer, received a most enthusiastic welcome at Æolian Hall on Monday, when she took part in pianoforte duets of her own composition, the other part being played by means of the Pianola. The Pianola was also used to play several of Mme. Chaminade's most famous compositions and to accompany the admirable singing of Miss Mary Leighton. Although it is now no novelty for the Pianola to be used in the concert-hall in association with the most distinguished musicians, the highly artistic character of the selections in which the Pianola took part on this occasion showed this instrument's powers to such unmistakable advantage that great applause was evoked from the large audience present.

In connection with the 1913 Tourist Trophy Race (the blue ribbon of the motor-cycling world) on June 7, the winner, Mr. T. Wood, rode a Scott machine fitted with Palmer Cord Tyres. It is interesting to note that these tyres were bought in the ordinary course, and no inducement was offered either to rider or manufacturer to fit them. Motor-cyclists should write to Palmer Tyres, Ltd., 119, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., for a copy of their booklet on motor-cycling tyres.

Continued from page 388.]

of increased distributions in the near future. The investor finds he can get 5 per cent. from the Preferred stocks, and 5 to 5½ per cent. on the Ordinary and Deferred stocks with no difficulty whatever; while in the American Market the yields range from 5 per cent. to 6½ per cent., the latter being obtainable from a purchase of Unions at the present price. Steel Common pay even better. The Argentine Railway Market also presents quite a useful collection of reasonably good stocks paying well. Central Argentine, for instance, at 103½, returns very little short of 6 per cent. on the money; Cordoba Central Second Debenture is by no means a bad security, and the return in this case is £5 11s. per cent.; while a stock so well covered as the Argentine Great Western Ordinary can be bought to give 5½ per cent. Some people may not consider these to be bargains, but so far as I am concerned, it seems to me that they are distinctly tempting, and that money carefully distributed over railway issues ought to bring in 5½ per cent. with a decent expectation of what the newspapers call "capital appreciation."

The settlement this week is going to be a troublesome affair. The end of June is like the end of December. Banks, trust and insurance companies, as well as private clients, like to call in as much money as they can, in order to make their balance-sheets look well in the window-dressing process. This naturally produces a certain amount of stringency; and while it matters little in times when money is plentiful, the window-dressing business does not help when the City is unhappy. The Stock Exchange will be profoundly thankful when June is out of the way. May was bad, in all conscience, but June has out-done it in its causes for anxiety and depression. By the way, it is an interesting question to discuss at what period of the year it is advisable for companies to make up their books. Many of them do it at the end of June; many more at the end of December. But since most undertakings have funds in stocks and shares that have to be valued and brought into balance-sheets when the books are made up, directors naturally like to see the securities stated as high as possible, and it is an arguable point whether the ends of the two half-years cannot be improved upon for this purpose. Personally, I think that the end of March is the best time for a company to make up its accounts, if it is at all interested in the quotations of Stock Exchange securities. The March quarter is less troubled, as a rule, by money difficulties than any of the others. Markets then are—or ought to be—enjoying a steady swing of business that keeps prices good; and although there must be exceptions, I think that in most years it will be found that prices made up at the end of March will compare very favourably with those taken into account at the end of June or the end of December. If, dear my reader, you find the companies in which your money is invested all make a rush to change their financial years to the end of March, you will now be able to guess whence came the inspiration for this step, and you can cry

"THE HOUSE-HAUNTER!"

KAFFIRS AND THE STRIKE.

It seems as though the Kaffir Circus were never going to be good any more. The way in which bad luck has streaked the market

is remarkable even in Stock Exchange history, and now, as a kind of *coup de grâce*, a strike must break out on the Rand. Prices sank down in a melancholy kind of way. There was not much selling, but what there was sufficed to give the market an aspect of despondency greater than ever. Yet, were times more propitious, Kaffirs would be standing at good prices, the strike notwithstanding. At last week's meeting of Rand Mines, Ltd., held in Johannesburg, the chairman spoke with reason and hope of the outlook for the Company, its deep level holdings and the industry. A few days previously, at the East Rand Proprietary meeting, the tone of the speeches, though more cautious, was veined with cheerful anticipation. Of course, with markets as they are at present, the most glowing speeches would have little effect, if any at all. The consideration that prices are now *cum* the summer dividends, soon to be declared, goes for nothing. All that counts is whether Canadas are flat, Tintos strong, Brazil Rails depressed, and so on. From the look of the market, moreover, it is difficult to persuade oneself that the lowest prices have yet been reached. Although so cheap, prices may be still cheaper, and it may turn out that the waiting policy will pay to pursue in the Kaffir Circus, from the speculator's point of view.

Saturday, June 21, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

RABB.—We think you will do well to keep the Oil shares. It is an excellent concern. The other shares you may possibly get a little cheaper by waiting.

DOMESTICATED.—With your view that the public will return to Home investments we are inclined to agree, but we must politely dissent from your assertion that Consols are "supremely cheap." Dear money and new issues are the two leading causes for the present low price; of permanent recovery, substantial in extent, we have our doubts.

INNOCENT.—The cost of a Power of Attorney for any of the stocks domiciled at the Bank of England is 11s. 6d. Other banks charge 10s. Sometimes the broker also makes a charge for acting upon a Power: it depends upon circumstances.

D. L. G.—Only in the Cabinet sense of the word.

ROSIE.—Central Argentine Ordinary is well worth holding. The market has been depressed by financial reasons, and it will remain so until general conditions improve. There is little fear, however, that the present 6 per cent. dividend will be reduced.



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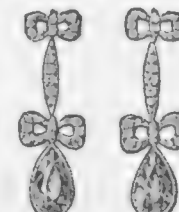
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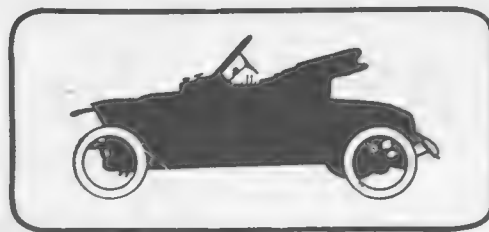
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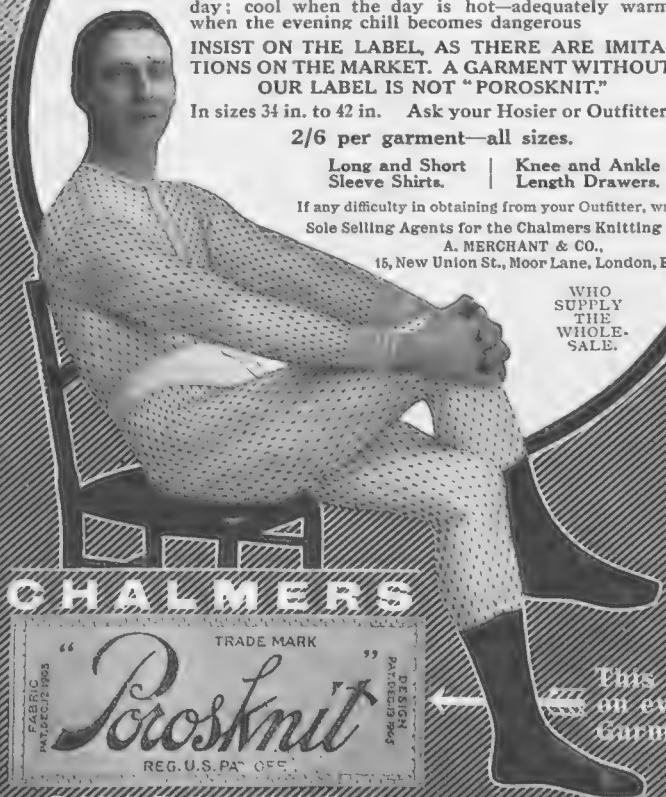
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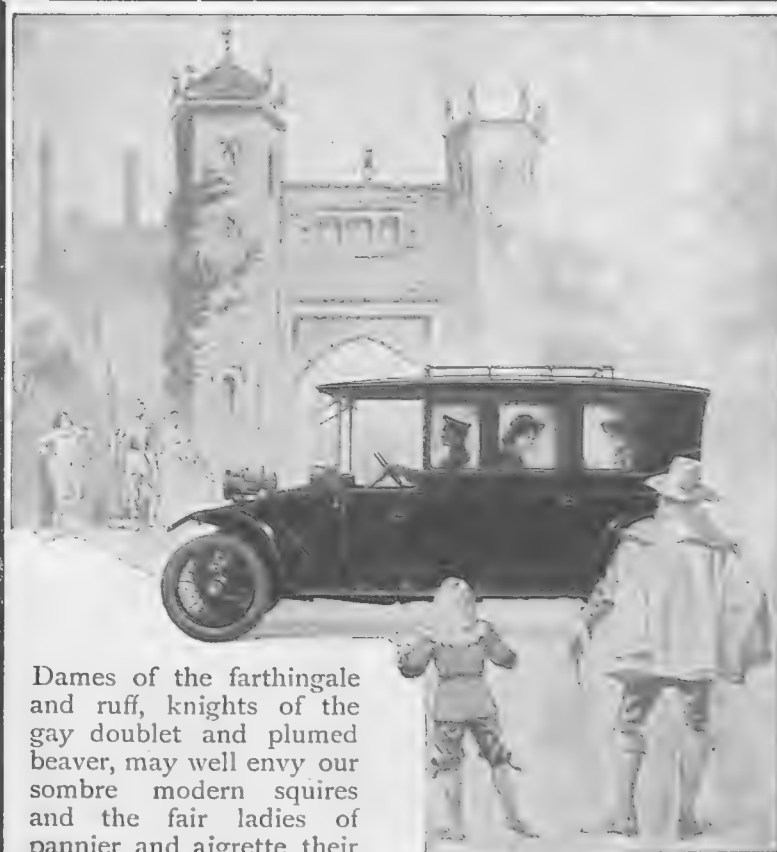
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The ODOL Museum of SHAMS.

particular qualities, has obtained a world-wide reputation, is imitated in one way or another by a certain class of business people who by this means try to sell, with more or less fraudulent intention, such shams to the public, although none of them have ever derived any benefit from such methods, it is satisfactory to be able to add ; besides which, they have naturally to bear the consequences of law proceedings.

In the above drawing we have reproduced a number—and, be it well understood, only a very small number—of these

IT cannot be uninteresting to bring to the notice of the public the manner in which an article that, in consequence of its

imitations, for, to reproduce all, five pages would not be sufficient.

There is one remarkable fact in connection with this, a fact upon which we should pride ourselves ; all countries are represented, with the sole exception of England. This says much for our country's trading principles, and for the intelligence of the English buying public. It shows the dislike which is always manifested by the British people generally against imitations and infringements.

The superiority of Odol we have pointed out to the public for years in every conceivable manner, and our object in putting forward this announcement is to prove it in yet another way. A preparation which has induced so many attempts at imitation must be excellent.

RESTORED ELEGANCE OF FIGURE.

THOSE WHO REGAIN A SLENDER FORM BY TAKING ANTIPON NO LONGER DREAD THE POSSIBILITY OF OVER-STOUTNESS.

TO be getting rapidly stouter, and not to take any measures to stop the unwelcome fatty excess is to be very unwise; for, though obesity is in itself dangerous and uncomely, it is more perilous as a prolific source of other diseases. To take *wrong* measures is, however, more unwise still, for it is quite easy to make oneself very ill indeed by persistent semi-starvation, especially when accompanied by the administration of mineral and other objectionable drug preparations, exhausting exercises, and other abuses. These things should be left severely alone.

The one really reliable means of reducing stoutness and increasing bodily vigour and energy at the same time is a course of Antipon, the simple, harmless and pleasant product which is now acknowledged by competent authorities to be the standard-treatment for the permanent cure of obesity in all stages. "I must frankly say," writes Dr. Ricciardi, the world-known French physician, "that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous."

This opinion, from so eminent an authority, can but be convincing to the most sceptical.

BASIS OF BEAUTY.

There can be no real beauty of form without perfect health. This does not mean that there are not many healthy people whose form is far from perfection. But health and strength are essential to plastic beauty. Therefore, the true remedy for obesity is that which ministers to the recovery of health and vigour, as Antipon does.

Antipon is remarkable as a tonic and fat-reducer combined. Whilst speedily eliminating all the superfluous fat that clogs the organism, softens the muscles (even of the heart), and bulges out the surface, it tones up and re-strengthens the entire system, and has an especially beneficial stimulative effect on the organs of the alimentary tract. It creates a keen, natural appetite, and makes digestion and assimilation easy. Perfect nutrition is the assured result, and, as corollary, the maximum of strength, which is, as we have said, a basis of physical beauty.

There is a diminution of weight almost immediately on starting the treatment. Within a day and a night the decrease is something between 8 oz. and 3 lb., according to the degree of over-fatness. Then the subsequent daily reduction goes on satisfactorily till slender proportions are completely restored.

The following unsolicited testimonial from a lady of Hove, Sussex, admirably describes the general results of the Antipon treatment in a troublesome case of obesity and weakness:—"I am most completely satisfied with the results of the Antipon treatment in my case. It has not only decreased the painful stoutness, but it has had a wonderful tonic effect on my whole system. I feel better than I have done for a long, long time. When I had recourse to Antipon it was a counsel of desperation; for I felt so far from well, so utterly run down and unfit for any exertion. I feel a different being now."

SLIGHT OVER-PLUMPNESS.

In the more pronounced cases of obesity Antipon, as we have seen, is supremely efficacious. There are countless cases, however,

where the word "obesity" is not applicable; where the slight overfulness of figure may reasonably be looked upon as a warning, but as little else.

These slight cases of exaggerated plumpness are admirably countered by a very short course of Antipon, say a bottle or two at most, and then all further dread of the imminence of the obese condition may be allayed. The figure is restored to its pristine slimmness without the least trouble.

A lady writing from Harlesden, N.W., says:—"I have been waiting, before writing to you, to see if the Antipon cure was lasting, and I find it is so. Perhaps you may think that the one bottle I had was not sufficient to make any difference, but I must say it did, as mine was only a slight case. I feel very much better since taking it."

A lady of Ryde, I. of W., writes:—"I am pleased to inform you that I have derived great benefit from taking Antipon. I am feeling much better than I have done for several years. I think it is wonderful how quickly Antipon reduces all superfluous fat and strengthens and tones up the system at the same time. I am now in the best of health."

FRIENDLY OFFICES.

It is a significant fact that every lady who takes Antipon becomes at once an earnest worker in propagating its use among her stout friends and acquaintances, and sometimes has to exert all her skill and tact to overcome unreasonable prejudices. Of course, there are many who have been so utterly disappointed by useless methods of fat-reduction they have tried that they have given up hope. The following interesting letter treats of such a case. The lady who acts as "Good Samaritan" in this case resides at Eccleshall, Staffs. Addressing the proprietors of Antipon, she says:—"Will you please send me a 4s. 6d. bottle of Antipon by return of post? I want it for a friend of mine who has tried several remedies without the least benefit, so I am going to give her a bottle of Antipon, as she won't believe there is anything that will reduce her weight. Having had some myself years ago, and having had no return of over-stoutness since, I

am quite sure that Antipon will do my friend a world of good, the same as it did for me."

The original of the above, and of hundreds of similar letters may be seen at the offices of the Antipon Company.

Antipon is a pleasing liquid preparation containing none but quite harmless vegetable substances.

Double chin, puffy cheeks, bulky throat, regain their beauty of contours, and no wrinkling is to be feared, as Antipon has a tonic effect on the skin, bracing up that delicate membrane, and improving tone and texture.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all druggists and stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.



A reverie—"When I picture myself, before I took Antipon, only a few months ago."



Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

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JAMES BOSWELL

This Picture is the Ninth of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by
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—that the ill-effects
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it drives away headache and braces the relaxed nerves
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"4711" is known and sold by Perfumers and Chemists all over the world,
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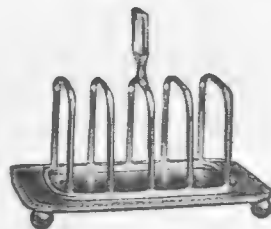
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SO many people become dissatisfied and tired of purchases, which, after a little wear lose their lustre, when the imperfections of an indifferent article begin to reveal themselves.



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Miss Beatrice Sinclair (celebrated as the "English Venus") writes:—"I had a severe attack of Rheumatic Fever which left me in such a very nervous state that I could not be left alone for even half an hour. It was a form of nervous debility. I say *was*, because since I have taken Phosferine I am ever so much better and not at all 'nervy' or neuralgic like I used to be. Phosferine certainly helps me to keep vigorous and cheerful, and any good looks I may have I attribute, as much as anything, to this happy condition."—The Studio, St. Paul's Crescent, London, N.W.

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	Venus de Milo		Miss Beatrice Sinclair			Venus de Milo		Miss Beatrice Sinclair	
	Ft.	ins.	Ft.	ins.		Ft.	ins.	Ft.	ins.
Height	5	4	5	4	Thigh	0	22.5	0	22.5
Head	0	21.3	0	21.5	Calf	0	13.2	0	13.2
Neck	0	12.5	0	12.5	Ankle	0	7.4	0	8
Chest	0	33	0	33	Knee	0	15	0	15
Bust	0	37	0	37	Upper Arm	0	12.5	0	12.5
Waist	0	26	0	26	Fore Arm	0	9.5	0	9.5
Hips	0	38	0	38	Wrist	0	5.9	0	5.75

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There is only one Phosferine — beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

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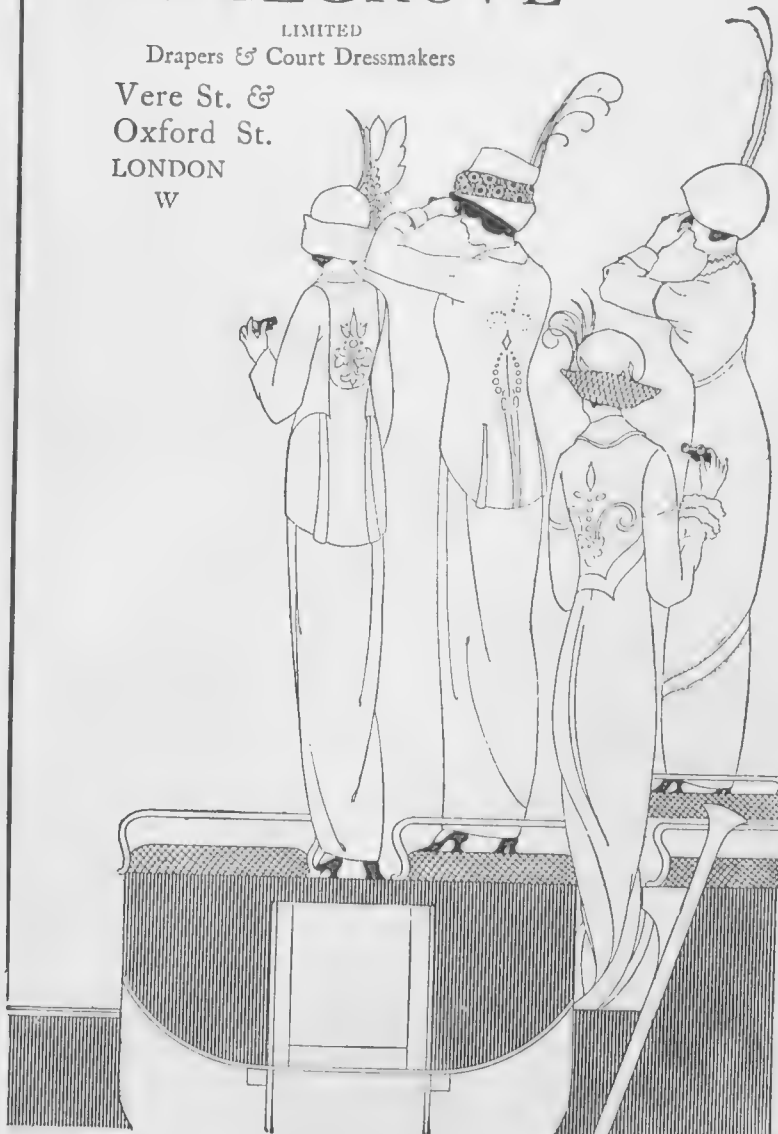
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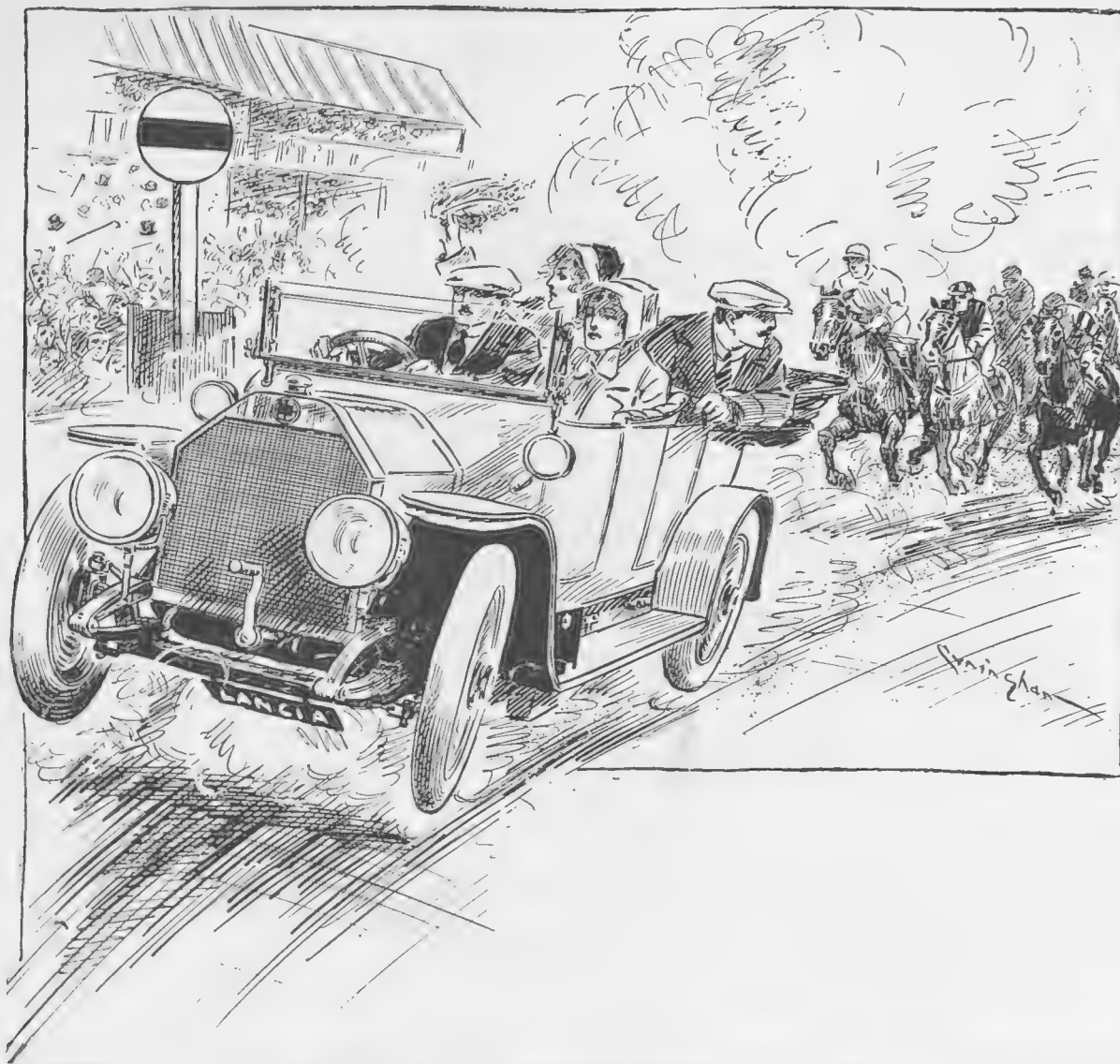
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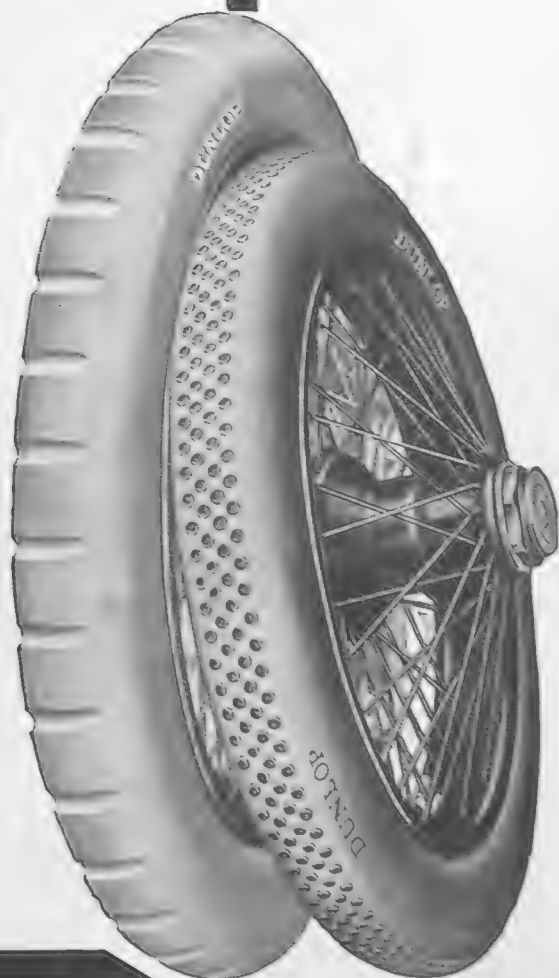
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in one instrument.

The grand piano is the piano in the highest stage of its development. It is the invariable choice of concert pianists, and every person of deep musical feeling aspires to have one.

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represents the successful union, in one complete instrument, of the grand piano and the genuine Pianola. By its means those who have no technical knowledge of music can play every musical work of importance ever composed, and command in its performance the beautiful quality and rich volume of tone which only a grand piano can give.

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The Portrait work is known all over the Continent and the Royal and Princely Houses of Europe honour Mr. Collings with their Patronage.

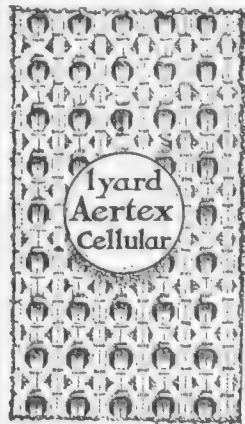
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An Ideal Suit of Summer Underwear, for 5/-



Aertex Cellular Day Shirt, from 3/6

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

One of the Best—the 12-20-h.p. Benz.

Some few days since, I was afforded an opportunity of examining a 12-20-h.p. Benz chassis shown by the British concessionaires for the Benz cars, the Brompton Motor Company, of 78-84, Brompton Road, London, S.W. The name of Benz at once takes us back to the early, if not the dark, days of motoring, when something quite flimsy in the shape of a car, and something very heavy in the shape of a single-cylinder, horizontal engine was sold as a 7-h.p. Benz. It had a kind of Jersey milk-can for a carburetter, and you started by pulling the heavy fly-wheel round until you got an explosion, and generally with barked knuckles. But, viewed by the 12-20-h.p., the Benz people have indeed gone far since the days when they did so much pioneer spade-work. This chassis is most compact in design, accessible in every point, and known to be durable to a degree. The engine, though somewhat on the small side, from the point of view of bore, has a good stroke, and pulls exceedingly well. The Benz Company are wise in fitting a four-speed gear-box, with short gear-shafts, very stout gear-wheels and a noiseless gate-change. This is one of the most recommendable medium-priced medium-powered chassis on the market, and it has a great reputation to sustain it.

Menial or Mechanic?

Motor-car owners who employ chauffeurs will be interested to learn of a decision by the County Bench at Canterbury a few days ago, as to whether a chauffeur should be regarded legally as a domestic animal—I beg pardon, I mean domestic servant, or a mechanic. It would appear that a chauffeur who had been dismissed for alleged incompetence had sued his owner for wages and expenses. The point in the case as to whether a chauffeur was a menial or a mechanic would determine whether he was entitled to a month's or a week's notice, or in default a month's or a week's money. The case was argued at great length, but the Bench ultimately determined the matter on a decision by our great judicial humourist, Mr. Justice Darling, who, in the case of a motor-bus driver, held that, in respect to employment, a chauffeur differed from a coachman. The variation resided in the fact that, whereas with a broken-down carriage a coachman would unharness the horse and leave the repairs to someone else, the chauffeur would repair (perhaps) the car upon the road, and get it going again. This

means that the chauffeur is only entitled to a week's notice, either way, and that he is not a menial.

Another Proof of Sleeve-Valve High Speed.

The prejudiced prophets of the poppet-valve engine long held that, while the sleeve-valve engines of several denominations were sweet, powerful, and noiseless, yet they could not be got to turn round with sufficient rapidity to make them available for racing. And for a time this contention appeared to be based on fact, as the leading makers of sleeve-valve engines, the Daimler Company, appeared to fight shy of competitions at Brooklands. But the two wonderful performances of the Argyll engine at Brooklands have quite exploded that notion, while confirmation is now forthcoming in the analysis of the running of the Knight-Mercédès car lately in the great 500-miles race at Indianapolis. Although this car ran the smallest engine of any in the race—100 mm. bore by 130 mm. stroke—it actually finished fifth, eight minutes behind Guyot's Sunbeam, to the performance of which in this event I referred a week or two back. The Knight-Mercédès averaged 68 miles per hour for the full course, and, *vide* the *Autocar*, its average rate of engine-revolutions was 1658 per minute.

The I.T.C. and Alcohol.

If conferences, consultations, inquiries, and committees can aid the oppressed motorist in the matter of the price of his fuel, then assuredly he should be saved out of the hands of the Oil Trust alive. Notwithstanding and nevertheless, though conferences confer, councils consult, experts make inquiries, and committees commit—if that is what they do—till the cows come home, petrol still remains at 1s.9d. per gallon. The voice of the motorist is as one crying in the wilderness, for no relief seems to come his way. But, maybe and perhaps, there is a promise for the dim and distant future in the Imperial Motor Transport Conference, which will meet for the first time on Monday, July 21, and will then and there proceed to the discussion of the fuel question, and the possibilities of creating an adequate fuel supply within the boundaries of the Empire upon which the sun never sets. I note that particular stress will be laid on questions relating to the production and use of alcohol as a fuel. But I do fear that much water will have flowed under London Bridge before alcohol can oust oil from its position as the fuel for automobile engines. This dire question always presents itself—what alterations would be required to our present engines to make them useable with alcohol?

"No Better Car on the Road."

The Unanimous Verdict of the Press Motor Experts respecting the NEW

14-18 h.p.

ADLER

with SUPERB

MORGAN Coachwork.

MORGAN & Co., Ltd.,

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TAKE A TRIAL RUN, NOW!

Make a really searching road test of the New

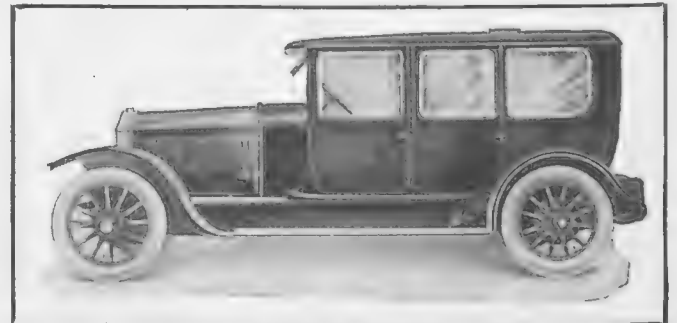
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De Dion Bouton

One-third smoother than the best of "sixes," but wonderfully light on petrol, this is the car of the century.

Mr. H. P. R. MONTGOMERY, of Milnathort, N.B., says:

"The eight-cylindered 26 h.p. car has run to my entire satisfaction. It is fast on the level and takes hills well. It is very easy on both petrol and lubricating oil."



26 H.P. CHASSIS,	880 by 120 tyres and worm drive,	£531 : 10 : 0.
50 H.P. CHASSIS,	935 by 135 tyres and worm drive,	£687 : 10 : 0.

WRITE FOR LEAFLET describing the 1913 EIGHT-CYLINDERED MODELS.
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page d.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Officers Riding at Olympia; Well-known Sellers of Alexandra Roses; "Jim the Penman"; the Budlet; Mlle. Gaby Deslys; the New Duchess of Sutherland; the "Roi Soleil" and his Wife; Players in the Amateur Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon; Sir George and Lady Alexander; M. Chaliapine; Conqueror of Hoylake at Last!

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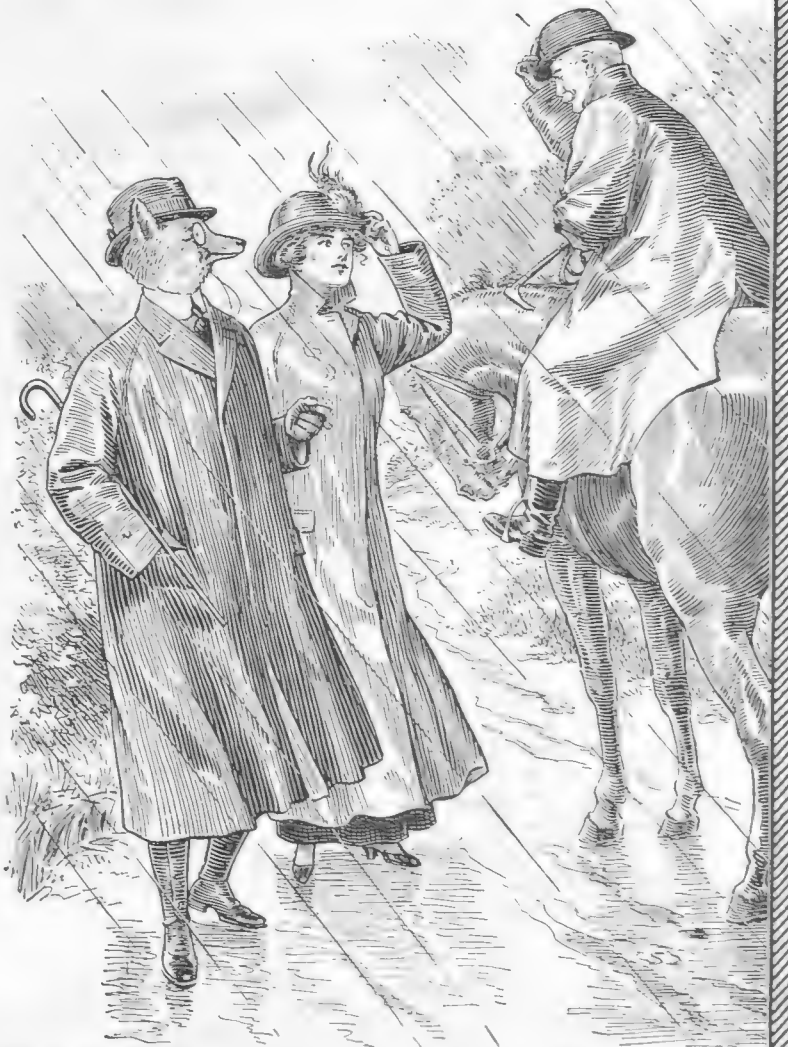
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Selections sent on Approval
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The Great Summer Sale at the REGENT ST House of Peter Robinson is now in progress

REMARKABLE money-saving opportunities are offered in every Section of the House during this Great Sale. Unmatched Bargains will be found in all kinds

of smart and fashionable goods, and we draw particular attention to those in the

Lace Department

four examples of which are here illustrated



R.S. 8.L. —29/6



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Order by post if you cannot call in person—your instructions will have prompt and special attention, and we send all purchases carriage free in the United Kingdom

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Sale Catalogue



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R.S. 5.L. Special offer of hand-made crochet lace Cassocks. In white only. Usual Price 3 guineas. Sale Price 42/-

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Tins 1/-, 3/-, 6/-, 1/-

FREE INSURANCE SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 38 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

COUPON-INSURANCE-TICKET. (Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)
Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1897.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Ocean Ticket in respect of the same risk.

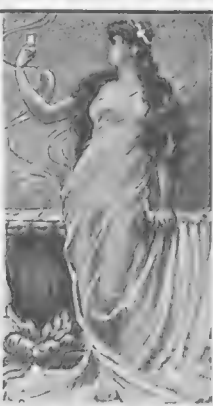
July 2, 1913.

Signature.....

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If not, you have missed that delicious sense of invigoration and freshness which they promote by removing feelings of fatigue and acting as a welcome tonic to jaded nerves.

Messrs. ALLEN AND HANBURY'S analytical report says:—"They soften the water and impart an agreeable fragrance to the skin, upon which they have a beneficial effect."

SEND ONE SHILLING FOR LARGE TIN.
MAIGNEN'S FILTRE RAPIDE Co., Ltd.
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Formalin
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PREPARATION FOR
THOROUGH DISINFECTION.

Cravenette

is not, as is sometimes thought—a garment.

It is a special SHOWER-PROOF (the property of the well-known Cravenette Co.), is admittedly the BEST PROOF in the Textile World, and is applied to many varieties of cloths.

When buying SHOWER-PROOF GARMENTS

get latest styles and fashionable cut, of course, but the essential thing is the wet-resisting quality. For this there is nothing to equal "CrAVENETTE."

The CrAVENETTE Co., Ltd., attach their stamp only to such goods as are suitable in quality for Shower-proof purposes.

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PROOFED BY
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Therefore, this stamp is a guarantee not only of Shower-proof properties, but also of the Quality of the Material.

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For sporting purposes—in fact, for out-door wear generally, "CrAVENETTE" garments are the best possible wear. As they do not induce perspiration, fabrics treated by this process are perfectly hygienic, thus ensuring health and satisfaction to the wearer.

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Obtainable from leading Retailers. If any difficulty, please write to—
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HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL



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ARE EFFECTIVE,
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL
TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls

"IMPERIAL"
CURLERS.

SAME PRICE.

12 CURLERS IN BOX.

Post Free for 9 Stamps

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

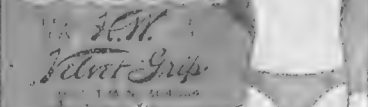
Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

TRADE MARK on right hand corner of each tin.

Wholesale only, H. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,
BERNARD STREET, W. & CITY ROAD, E.C.

LONDON

Boston-Pad Garter



Rustproof Fittings.

NO METAL
TOUCHES THE LEG.

Cotton1/- pair.

Silk2/-

By post 1d. pair extra.

Strand Hosiery Stores,

113 & 114, Strand, W.C.



ELEY

CARTRIDGES

"The keenest shooter ever known" was Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey's description of Col. Peter Hawker—and the Colonel used Eley Cartridges.

In that wonderfully interesting book which tells the story of 50 years' shooting—THE DIARY OF COL. PETER HAWKER—there are many references to Eley Cartridges.

Here are some of them:

"I killed all I saw, thanks to Eley Cartridges."

"I never had such a shot with a pop-gun in my life. I had a cartridge of Eley's."

"I... cut down a miraculously long double shot with two of Eley Cartridges."

As in the early Nineteenth Century, so in the early Twentieth—Eley's are ALWAYS RELIABLE.

Eley Cartridges are sold by all gunmakers.



Robinson & Cleaver's

SALE

— OF —
IRISH LINENS.

DURING JULY we clear all Summer and Surplus Stocks at prices considerably lower than usual BELFAST PRICES.

Irish Table Damask.

Odd Patterns that we are now Clearing at remarkably Low Prices—
Cloths, 2 x 2 yds... Each 4/9, 5/11, 6/11
Napkins, 24 x 24 in. ... Doz. 5/10, 6/10, 8/3

Irish Linen Sheets.

Factory Accumulations, Hundreds of Pairs ready for use—
Linen Sheets, 2 1/2 x 3 yds. ... Per Pair, 13/3
Hemstitched, 2 1/2 x 3 " " " " " " 16/11
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Irish Linen Pillow Cases.

Made from Accumulated Stock of Linen, and Wonderful Values—
Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., Per Doz., 13/6
Hemstitched " " " " " " " " " " " " 20/9

Face Towels.

Two Good Qualities and Designs, Woven during the Quiet Season—
Linen Huck Towels (Hemstitched) with Damask Border, Per Doz., 13/9, 15/11

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No. H.7.—Ladies' All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12 1/2 in. square, 3/10th Hem. ... Per Doz., 2/9
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Shirts and Collars.

"Castle" Collars for Men, Single- or Double Shapes, Newest Style. ... Per Doz., 5/8
"Matchless" Shirts.—White Shirts for Dress or Day Wear. Reduced to Each, 5/8

SALE LIST Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
40G, Donegall Place, BELFAST,
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DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S

Commences
MONDAY
JULY 7th

SALE

Continues for
TWELVE
DAYS only.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments

Sale Catalogue post free.



LINGERIE GOWN in white French Crepon. Coatee effect of Torchon Lace and wide band to correspond on skirt, piped with various colours and all white. A FEW ONLY
SALE PRICE 39/6

SMART COATS (as sketch) in a new silk finished cord material. Trimmed lace to tone and lined soft silk. 12 ONLY, in Natter, Blue and Tan.
SALE PRICE 69/6

TEA DRESS (as sketch) in Crêpe-de-Chine, with Fichu-shaped collar of fine lawn with ribbon underneath, put on with cambric beading and finished ribbon bows.
SALE PRICE 49/6

PURE CASHMERE SPORTS COAT (as sketch) made from the best quality yarn. Beautifully warm and light. In all colours. ORIGINAL PRICE, 42/-
SALE PRICE 29/6

Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

PURVEYORS TO THE AUSTRIAN & HUNGARIAN EMPERORS

A. CHELMIS & CO.,
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Established 1870

"PEARLS of EGYPT"
CIGARETTES

Of all leading stores, &c

Wholesale: 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

CALOX Liberates Oxygen in the Gums

CALOX Wholesome, Fragrant, Purifies.

WHETHER or not you use Calox depends upon the value you set upon your teeth

Calox is the one dental preparation which does everything short of what a dentist himself can do to keep your teeth and mouth in perfect health. Use it bi-daily, and white teeth, sweet breath, firm gums are assured.

SAMPLE AND BOOK FREE!

CALOX is sold everywhere in non-wasting boxes at 1/11 CALOX TOOTH BRUSH reaches every part of every tooth, 1/-

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

With a character of its own
TRY IT
Sold the world over

LONDON OFFICE - 20 COCKSPUR STREET LONDON, S.W.

GENERAL NOTES.

AMONG the immense advantages of Messrs. Gorrings' great summer sale, which commenced on Monday, and will continue through this month, at their fine establishment, 55, Buckingham Palace Road, may be mentioned just a few of many bargains—real ones,



PRESENTED TO MR. JOHN M. LE SAGE BY HIS COLLEAGUES OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH": A WRITING SET, IN SILVER.

The set comprises a massive, solid silver ambassador-inkstand, with a pair of octagonal-shaped candlesticks, and an oblong shaped tray twenty-eight inches in length. The pieces are all designed in the style of the Queen Anne period, and a silver-mounted inlaid ebony pen, pencil, and seal complete the set. The above pieces, which are contained in an oak case, were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

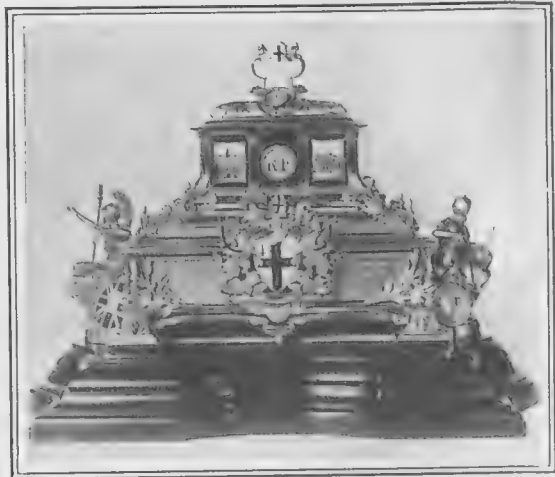
French foulards, double-width, medium and light shades, with small designs, which were 2s. 11½d. and 4s. 11d., and are now only 1s. 11½d.; dress tunics, beaded in good designs, in black, silver, or colours, for 10s. 9d., which were sold for a guinea and 25s. 6d.; French blouses of broché, trimmed with buttons and white French knots, at 21s. 6d., which were 27s. 6d.; embroidered collars on Ninon, in Oriental colours, at 1s. 4½d.; children's cotton dresses, from 9s. 11d.; coats for girls, from 19s. 6d.; bleached damask

because the articles are the firm's own things: ladies' glacé kid Oxford shoes, at 8s. 11d., which were 10s. 9d., and are either medium-toed or pointed; and evening shoes, jet-beaded, at 7s. 9d., which were 9s. 11d.; white-lancer feathers, reduced from 19s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.; hats for little boys, in pedalstraw, with cream colour or navy blue bands, at 2s. 11d., which were 5s. 11d., a large assortment of hats and toques, at 12s. 9d., which were 35s. and 55s. 6d.; new

table-cloths, ready hemmed, 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., and 11s. 9d., according to size; 150 pairs of curtain net, with lace insertions and borders, at 14s. 9d. a pair, which were 23s. 6d.; and model tea-gowns at half the original price. In every department similar drastic reduction makes of this sale an opportunity for excellent investment such as is seldom enjoyed.

There is only one way to travel easily, and that is to have an Innovation trunk. If you once see it, you will never be without it, for it saves worry; it takes the place of several pieces of luggage, and keeps men's tempers calm and pleasant; it saves expenditure in tips; everything is easily found without indulgence in the process known as making hay; it saves dresses and suits because they are hung on a series of hinged arms and hangers; also there are neat drawers for all the addenda of dress. The happy possessors are always sending friends to the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street, or obtaining from there for their friends, Descriptive List No. 15, which gives full details of all the advantages of these real aids to travellers.

We regret that, owing to a photographer's mistake, the name of Mr. L. S. Campbell, Captain of the Eton boat, the *Dreadnought*, was printed in *The Sketch* of June 11 under a portrait of Mr. R. Samuelson, coxswain of the same boat.



THE CITY OF LONDON'S GIFT TO PRESIDENT POINCARÉ: THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS.

The casket, which is in 18-carat gold, has four views in enamel of the Guildhall, the Mansion House, the Tower Bridge, and St. Paul's. The letter "P" is on the lid in diamonds; the City arms are in front, in enamel. The base has the inscription: "Presented by the Corporation of the City of London to M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic, with an address of welcome, on his visit to England as the guest of his Majesty King George V. Guildhall, 25th June, 1913." It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., of Cheapside, Regent Street, and Birmingham.

AITCHISON'S COLLAPSIBLE OPERA and FIELD GLASSES.

THE ... FOR THE FIELD, THE THEATRE, ALL TRAVELLERS

The LIGHTEST FIELD GLASS in existence.

ADVANTAGES:

1. Weight between 5 & 6 ounces.
2. Closes to one inch in thickness.
3. Can be carried in the Waistcoat Pocket.
4. Equal in Power to the best glasses of old and clumsy pattern.
5. Good field of view and splendid definition.
6. Suitable for all Ranges.

No. 1. X 4 MAGNIFICATION : : £2 2 0
No. 2. X 6 MAGNIFICATION : : £3 3 0

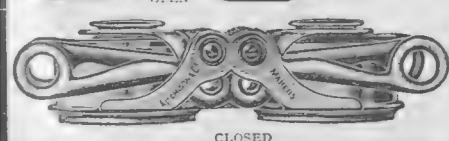
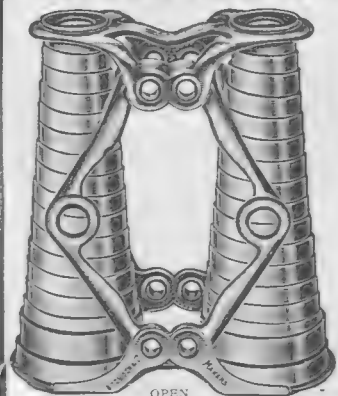
Complete in Soft Leather Purse Case. Postage and packing free.
Hard Leather Sling Case 5s. extra.
Formerly sold at Three and Five Guineas respectively.
Lower price is owing to reduced cost in manufacturing large quantities.

Send a post card for price list No. 9c.

AITCHISON & CO., LTD.,

Opticians to H.M. Govt.

428, STRAND, W.C.
281, OXFORD STREET, W.
139, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
and Branches London,
Leeds, 37, Bond Street.



EST. 1850.
London, Dublin, & Cork.
Elvery's

Waterproofs in Silks and Satins.

ELVERY'S have, for years, been experimenting to try and waterproof a really super-quality silk of very light weight, and at last the thing has been done. The silks are of remarkably chic colouring—each coat has collar and cuffs of black waterproofed satin, and the whole design is very graceful, as the illustration shows. And the most wonderful part of all this is the moderate price Elvery's ask for this exclusive speciality of theirs—only 3 Gns. for a Coat of shot Silk, while 2 Gns. will secure a Waterproof Coat of plain silk. The shot colourings include purple and black, night blue and black, wine colour and black, etc.—*Vide Press*.

London's Visitors will find the most reliable Rainproofs and Guaranteed Stormcoats at fixed moderate prices.

Coats on approval. Patterns, etc., at request.

J. W. ELVERY & CO., LTD.,

"ELEPHANT HOUSE,"

31, Conduit Street, London.

(One door from New Bond Street.) W.

Also at 46 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, and 34, Nassau Street, Dublin; and 78, Patrick Street, Cork.

The Season's Fashions in Weatherproof Garb.

SHAVALLO

(SHAVE-ALL-O),

The Ideal Shaving Soap in an Ideal Package.

Begin your day well by enjoying a smooth and easy shave. Pure, emollient as cream, soothing tender skin, producing quickly a free, copious and lasting lather, "Shavallo" stands alone for real shaving comfort and luxury.

In white ivoryine tubes—no metal to rust and no paper to get sticky—

6d. and 1/- each.

Round Cakes at 4½d.

Send 1d. for postage of free sample to

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD. (DEPT. "S.H.")
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Soapmakers to H.M. King George V.



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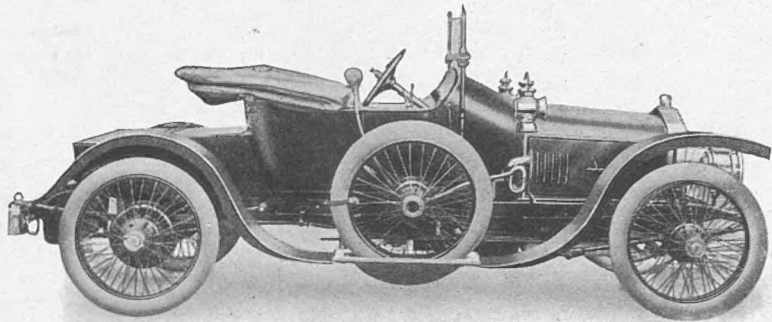
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"The Straker-Squire being as it is the car of concentration is a unique proposition bristling with general excellence from stem to stern."—*The Motor*, 10/6/13

STRAKER-SQUIRE

15 H.P. ONE MODEL CHASSIS ONLY
suitable for all Types of Bodies.

(Springing gear ratio and rake of steering specially arranged to suit particular type of body fitted.)



Standard Runabout complete, ready for road as shown, £422.

"By common consent the Straker-Squire is without its superior at its power."—*Town Topics*, 18/3/13.

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.



Think how much nicer some of your dresses will look if they are cleaned by **ACHILLE SERRE!**

Dresses you have worn only a few times may be soiled or disfigured by accident. They are not *dirty*, perhaps, but lack the fresh daintiness which was one of their principal charms when new. Keep them up to their original standard by having them thoroughly cleaned and "refinished" in the "Achille Serre Way." This will remove all stains and marks of wear without risk of injury, and in *Four Days*.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

Our New Booklet, "When the Sun Shines," contains prices and addresses of London and Provincial Branches. Write for a copy—it's free.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS



FROM EAST TO WEST.

Every post brings most gratifying letters from all parts. A customer writes: "The Flor de Dindigul Extras are excellent. Please send me 200 more, and keep some in reserve for me." The FLOR DE DINDIGUL is a mild, delicate, and aromatic cigar with a peculiar fragrance quite unique. 3d. each, 5 for 1/1, 10/3 per box of 50; FLOR DE DINDIGUL EXTRA, extra choice (as supplied to the House of Lords), 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Of all good Tobacconists, or post free of Importer, BEWLAY, 49, Strand, London. Est. 133 years.

Defies damp dust and dirt !

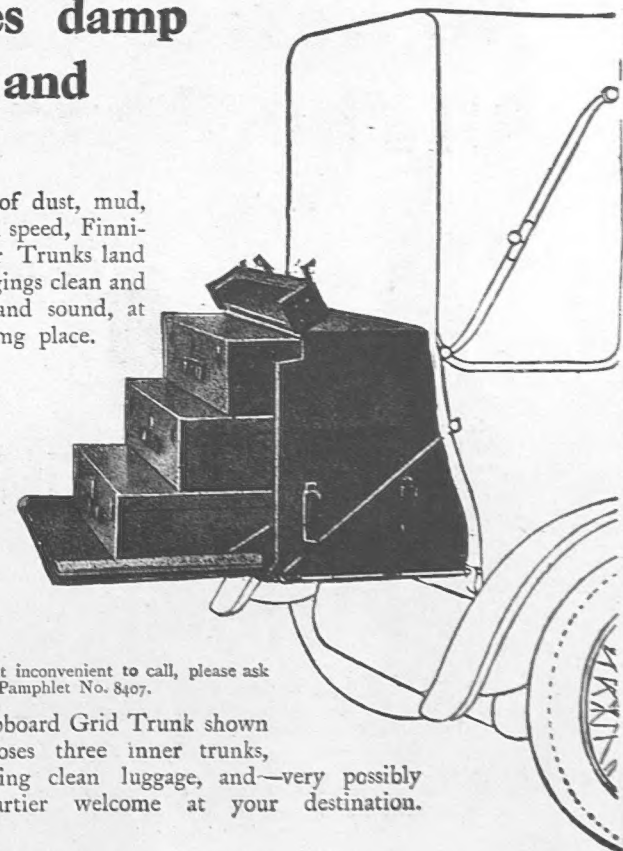
IN spite of dust, mud, rain and speed, Finnigans Motor Trunks land your belongings clean and neat, safe and sound, at your stopping place.

Experts sent to take measurements. Your car need not be out of use a single hour to be fitted with the equipment.

From £18 to £23.

If you find it inconvenient to call, please ask Finnigans for Pamphlet No. 8407.

The Cupboard Grid Trunk shown above encloses three inner trunks, thus ensuring clean luggage, and—very possibly—a heartier welcome at your destination.



Finnigans

18, New Bond Street, W.

LIVERPOOL :
59, Bold St. ; 37-41, Dale St.

MANCHESTER :
123, Deansgate ; 113-115, Market St.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

'Mysteries.'

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
(Ward, Lock.)

Mysteries—by "the Master of Mystery," as the title page emphatically observes—what can be more thrilling! No need for Mr. Le Queux to remark that each of these Mysteries springs from jottings in his note-book, and that the jottings spring from real police-reports. We always believe everything that looks impossible. We would prefer to believe in Maskelyne and Devant's occult powers in face of their definite denial of any such thing, when the lady vanishes or the rabbit emerges. And, therefore, our gratitude is due to the police and Mr. Le Queux when they deign to leave some mysteries unsolved, as occurs more than once. The detective story is surely the fairy-tale of the adult; its squalor relieved by its ingenuity, and at its high-water mark worthy of a poet. Mr. Le Queux is not a poet; his title-page only claims him as Master of Mystery, and as such he affords good entertainment with many puzzling dramas and astounding dénouements. Everything rests with a promising opening. And it is impossible to resist one like this: "I was dead on Christmas Day." There are several quite as provocative, and it is high compliment to add that the sequel rarely carries a flat reaction. If such mystery there must be, this is a pleasant form in which to take it.

'Brineta at Brighton.'

By GABRIELLE WODNIE.
(Stanley Paul.)

This suggests a first attempt in novel-writing; despite the fact that we are aware that it is not, by two or three books, at least. There is something wrong with "Brineta at Brighton." Another lady went to Brighton once, and her name began with B, too, but it was less distinguished though as terse as "Bryne." Stray memories of her history—it

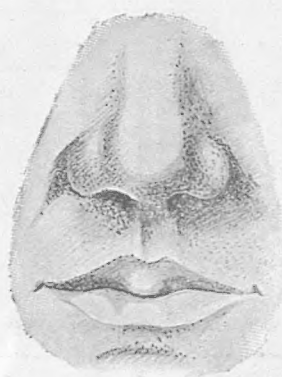


PROOF AGAINST JUPITER PLUVIUS, BUT STILL IN THE FASHIONABLE PICTURE: BEAUTY IN A BURBERRY.

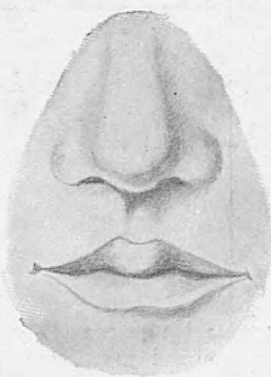
Messrs. Burberry, the Haymarket, W.

is an ancient one—suggest the something that is wrong with Brineta Bryne's. Like hers, Brineta's should have been a farce; it should have been mirth-provoking; it should have been epigrammatic; it should, above all, have been brief. Alas! it runs to several hundred pages, and it is cheaply—very cheaply—and superficially romantic. Notwithstanding exaggerations, the characters might stand on their own legs, they might perform some amusing antics with them, were it possible to get free of Brineta's wallflower eyes, hair to match, and Worth costumes. The whole world suffers from the colour-scheme, from flowers to motor-cars. Even the gold of the fried fish which appears on the Jew's Sabbath breakfast-table yields to the Brineta harmony in its dish, hand-painted with gorse! And yet what a farce it might have been! But to write a farce its authoress would have to be years older, and that seems scarcely worth the cost. For when the worst has been said, there remains the easy sparkle, the incorrigible dream of youth in Brineta's story. It is like a frail, carelessly spun web, spun by an amateur spider, but glistening with the radiance of early morning.

Burberry's, who have now such a dignified and stately house in the Haymarket, are celebrated the world over for arming us against the surprises of the weather, as well as for its sustained effort in the way of wet. They alone can send out a woman to a smart race-meeting in her most cherished gown with a perfectly easy mind. Even if the floods do descend, she dons her Burberry, like the one illustrated, and still feels that she is in the smart and elegant picture. It is of hazel silk, lined with hand-painted and embroidered moorland subjects, birds, and devices. The lining is made to turn back and show in a draped and very elegant effect. The hat, also a Burberry, is of similar silk, with ostrich-plumes specially dyed by the firm to match.



UNHEALTHY SKIN.



"PALMOLIVE" SKIN.

About YOUR Skin

A glance in your mirror shows you that the pores of your nose are larger than the pores of any other part of your face. Being larger, they clog easier, and thus show to the eye what is taking place all over the face and body, when the pores clog, impurities form, and unhealthy skin surely follows.

Ordinary soap may take more or less dirt from the surface, but that is all.

PALMOLIVE

is more than ordinary soap. It not only cleanses the surface, but also the pores—and then it does more. It soothes and softens the skin with the Oil of the Palm in perfect combination with imported Olive Oil—each being good alone, but far better together. In PALMOLIVE the secret of perfect blending has been found, making it the most wonderful skin-help and cleanser science has produced.

In the bath, and also the nursery, PALMOLIVE is extremely valuable—doing for the whole body what it does for the face—supplying in exact proportion the elements requisite to the health and perfect cleanliness of the skin.

The worth of PALMOLIVE is inestimable, but the wonderful secret of making it brings the price to 6d. a large cake.

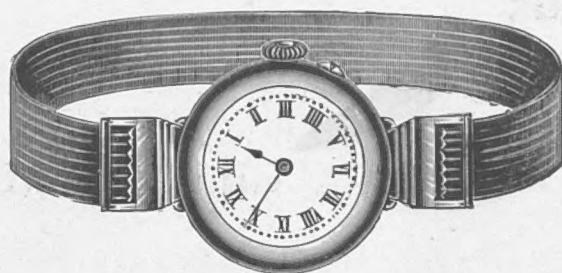
Sold at most chemists, or will be sent, post free, on receipt of name and address and six penny stamps. If you would like to try PALMOLIVE before buying, a liberal sample will be sent free on request.

The B. J. Johnson Soap Co., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

The "BULLDOG"

(PATENT No. 15583-12)

DETACHABLE ELASTIC WATCH WRISTLET



THIS is the latest novelty in Wristlet Watches, whereby the wearer can, in a few seconds, attach an elastic suitable for any coloured costume.

The means of attaching the elastic is automatic, no sewing or fixing required. It cannot get out of order.

The most perfect, inexpensive and reliable Wristlet on the market.

Take great care you ask to see the "Bulldog" Wristlet.

There is absolutely nothing like it on the market.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERS

The Women's Corner.

SPECIAL COLLECTION OF SMART
AND EFFECTIVE BEAUTY
RECIPES.

"Wavy" Shampoos.

"Homely Hints."

Few people know that stallax can be used as a shampoo and is far better than anything else for the purpose. It seems to have a natural affinity for the hair, leaving it very glossy, fluffy, and with a pronounced natural "wave." A teaspoonful of stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient. Genuine stallax comes to the chemist only in sealed tins, a quantity sufficient to make up twenty-five or thirty separate shampoos. The indescribable lustre it imparts to the hair is quite inimitable. *** For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranum. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life. *** The use of rouge is almost always obvious, but powdered colliandum gives a perfectly natural colour and defies detection.

Oxygen as a Complexion Remover.

"Things One Should Know,"

The latest scientific method of improving the complexion is to "take from it instead of adding to it." The idea is to remove, by a gentle process of oxidization, all the stifling and half-dead accumulations which adhere to the skin in the form of sallowness, moth patches, liver spots, etc. The application of mercolized wax for a few nights in the same manner that cold cream is applied, soon produces marked results. In contact with the skin this wax releases free oxygen, which destroys the waste matter, but does not affect the healthy tissue in the least. The removal of the deadened and disfiguring waste matter reveals the beautiful young complexion which every woman has just underneath the stained outer one. The mercolized wax, as supplied by chemist shops, is perfectly harmless and very beneficial to the skin. *** To bring a natural red colour to the lips rub them with a soft stick of prolactum. *** For tired, hot or perspiring feet, use a teaspoonful of powdered onalite in a foot bath.

What Women Hate.

"Helpful Gossip."

Every woman hates a shiny nose and a dull or greasy complexion. Few know that there is an instantaneous remedy at hand in the home, one that is absolutely harmless and that defies detection even under the closest scrutiny. If you have no clemintine in the house get about an ounce from your chemist, and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this lotion applied to the face will instantly cause the greasiness to disappear, and the skin will have a perfectly natural, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. The effect will last for many hours, and no powder is required, even under the most trying conditions, indoors or out. To prepare the face, neck and arms for a long evening in a hot ball-room nothing can compare with this simple home-made lotion. *** To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. *** Pileta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.

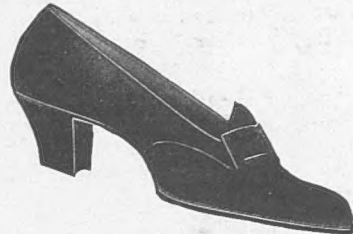
Getting Rid of Female Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. *** Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) pergol to the affected surface occasionally. *** Smart women are rapidly adopting the use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms when the complexion is inclined to be oily. It makes a capital greaseless cream, holds the powder perfectly, and does not encourage hair growths.

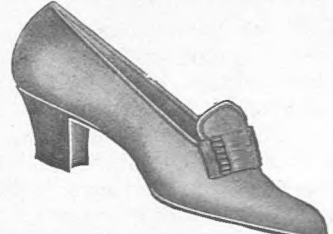


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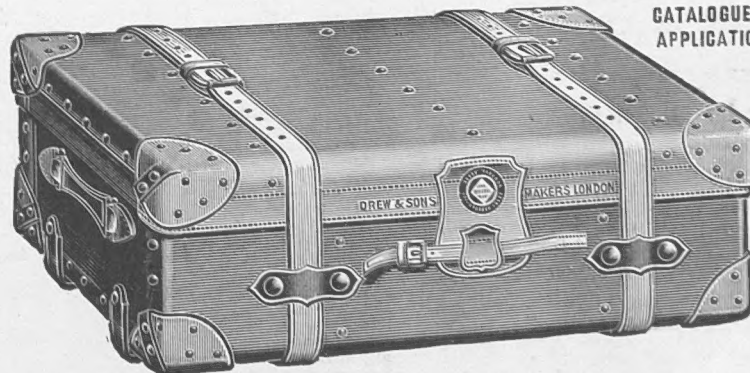
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

IN the past week Caruso has been the centre of operatic interest, and until the close of the present one he will remain in that proud position at Covent Garden Opera House. Then, with considerably larger laurels than he has boasted in past years, he will leave our shores for a well-earned holiday. There is reason to believe that all parties to the record bargain are well content. The distinguished tenor retires full of praise, and of the gold for which his notes have been cashed; the Grand Opera Syndicate, having filled the house after doubling most of the prices, must be well in pocket, and the public has paid more and applauded more than it did in the years when Caruso's voice had qualities some few of which are among the things that were. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that even in his second phase, Caruso is a greater tenor than any of his contemporaries, and the only record he is unable to rival is his own. His appearance with Melba excited a fresh outburst of enthusiasm; the house was sold out as soon as the performance was advertised. Now people are beginning to talk of the attractions that will be offered when Caruso has gone home.

The new opera, Camussi's "La Du Barry," is in full rehearsal at the time of writing, and should be produced early next week. "Roméo et Juliette," with Mme. Melba and Mr. McCormack in the name-parts, is also promised, but Gluck's "Armida" cannot be given, owing to the pressure of other arrangements. Many items in a long and attractive programme await their appointed time, and there is every reason to hope and to believe that the closing month of the season will be no less interesting than the months that have gone before. "Don Giovanni," with a new French baritone, is promised for July. Mme. Destinn will be the Donna Anna, and Mr. McCormack will appear as Don Ottavio.

It is interesting to see how well Puccini's operas are wearing. The appeal of "Tosca," "La Bohème," and "Madama Butterfly" would appear to be quite unimpaired by time; the public has admitted them to the company of the immortals—largely, of course, because they are full of melody and tell a dramatic story. The effect of the emotional passages upon an audience which might well be expected to be *blasé* is quite remarkable; and, indeed, in this regard the works differ from the accepted classics of grand opera, in which the story, however dramatic, holds no thrill, and the audience is concerned only with the arias it knows best. Rigoletto discovering his murdered daughter, the trial of Radames, the great scene between Alfredo and Violetta, are alike incapable of moving the house to a sense of the drama in opera; but Tosca's struggle with

Scarpia, Mimi's scene with Rodolfo by the gates of Paris, and Pinkerton's return to Madame Butterfly move the modern opera-goer.

"Rigoletto" is to be revived, and it is not improbable that Mme. Melba will appear as Gilda; it is quite likely that "The Girl of the Golden West" will be tried once more, though Caruso will not be available, and down to the present the work has not really gripped its English audiences. It would be pleasant to hear D'Erlanger's "Tess" again. The opera is full of genuine inspiration and ear-haunting melody, and although the arrangement of the story leaves ample scope for criticism, the quality of the music associated with it is beautiful. Covent Garden has shown the courage of its convictions by mounting "Pelléas et Mélisande" three times; it might show an equal courage where "Tess" is concerned. The opera made many friends—as, indeed, any really clever setting of Hardy's famous story was bound to do—and nobody can say that it has exhausted its welcome.

Among the singers who have improved their position this summer, Mme. Edvina may, perhaps, be said to lead the way. The quality of her voice is richer than it was last year, she acts with more conviction than before, and whether as Mélisande or Louise, she has held her audience all the time. The music of "La Tosca" is not quite suited to her voice—it demands qualities that do not appear to be at her command; but both Charpentier and Debussy have reason to congratulate themselves upon the service that Mme. Edvina has rendered to their music. She is quite at her best in French, and her clear enunciation seems at times to lend an added beauty to beautiful words.

It was an excellent idea to organise a brief series of lectures on the Russian operas and ballets now to be given at Drury Lane; and in asking Mr. Edwin Evans to lecture, Sir Joseph Beecham chose one who speaks with undisputed authority. It is not surprising to learn that the public took full advantage of the opportunity. Those who approach the brilliant but only half-equipped Moussorgsky without any clue to his aims or his method of reaching them are likely to receive a serious shock, and to find their affection for Russian music considerably diminished. But with the aid of a man who understands the scores, much that seemed crooked is made straight, and one begins to appreciate the achievement of the composer, whose individuality was strong enough to resist all outside influences. This was his boast, and there is no doubt that the music justifies it. Whether it would not have been better both for Moussorgsky and his admirers if he had been more responsive to influences of the right kind, is another matter.

S. L. B.



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"REDUCED MY WEIGHT 100 POUNDS."

ON June 1st, 1912, Dr. F. M. Turner the well-known physician, was one of the fattest of men in this great city. He weighed 18 st. 2 lbs. His waist measured 48 inches, and he wore a 17½ collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy, and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of this excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat, he might drop dead at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science—drugs, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, &c., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face, and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely original and different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful discovery by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100 lbs., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On October 1st of last year Dr. Turner weighed 10 st. 10 lb., his waist measured 37½ inches, and he wore a 15½ collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at 25 years of age and his mind is clear and bright. He has gladly been accepted and rated a "first-class risk" by the same insurance company that previously rejected him.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise,

no Turkish baths, sweating, purging, starvation diets, apparatus, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practise in his or her own home, without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1 lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, being widely commented upon in the Press and in medical publications, so he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatments. Close friends have urged him to specialize in this particular branch of work, where he could command large fees, but other business interests which occupy most of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information, and in order that all may have the benefits of the system it was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method, and telling all fleshy men and women

how they may accomplish the same happy result without the least danger or inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him, and has a few hundred copies left which he has agreed to distribute, so long as they last, among fleshy people sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage. The Doctor's present address is Dr. F. M. TURNER (Dept. 734 G.), 214, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W. and any request for the booklet sent there will be given prompt attention.

